

Night. By Eden Phillpotts

Yearly Subscription, \$2.50

Single Number, 75 cents

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# The Sewanee Review

## Quarterly

EDITED BY

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE



October-December, 1920

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PUBLISHED BY

THE SEWANEE REVIEW, INC.

AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF SEWANEE TENNESSEE

Entered at the postoffice at Sewanee, Tenn., as second-class matter.

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(Signed) W. H. MACKELLAR, President.

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(Signed) W. L. MYERS, Notary Public.

(SEAL)

My commission expires Jan. 1, 1921.

# THE SEWANEE REVIEW

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VOL. XXVIII]

OCTOBER, 1920

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[ No. 4

## AN EPITAPH

When at his hour Death came to take me  
I did not fear his voice and rave:  
Since Life himself had failed to break me  
I laughed with Death above my grave,  
Shook hands with Death above my grave,  
And never prayed a god should wake me.

I begged no god to scant his measure:  
I wrestled Life for all I have:  
I sought for no immortal treasure  
To bribe my way beyond the grave  
But sang and battled by the grave,  
Wherein men lie and take their pleasure.

I took no ease in wild and clearing,  
Desert or forest, plain or wave:  
Beyond all sight and out of hearing  
Of any prayers I dug my grave:  
I smiled at Death beside my grave,  
And laid me down at last, unfearing.

I laid me down, in peace reclining,  
Without the laurels many crave:  
My memories, like soft jewels shining,  
Lay at my heart and lit my grave;  
They lit and warmed my happy grave:  
I laid me down without repining.

MORLEY ROBERTS.

London, England.

## NEWMAN'S LITERARY PREFERENCES

At the outset of his *Life of Newman* Mr. Wilfred Ward emphasizes the Cardinal's many-sidedness. To some he seems a religious philosopher, like Pascal; to others an ecclesiastical writer of history, like Bossuet; the casual student thinks of him as the leader of the Oxford Movement who turned Catholic, and later defended his "mighty mother" against Charles Kingsley's blundering Anglicanism; while the religious *savant* regards him as the most penetrating modern theologian. To-day, unquestionably, all these aspects of Newman's genius still demand homage, but men read him now chiefly because, as Dean Stanley has said, he belongs "not to provincial dogma, but to the literature of all time".

Mr. Lewis Gates, in his brief but brilliant analysis of Newman as a writer of English prose, remarks especially upon his mediævalism:—

"Newman was intensely alive to the beauty and poetic charm of the life of the Middle Ages. One is sometimes tempted to describe him as a great mediæval ecclesiastic astray in the nineteenth century and heroically striving to remodel life in harmony with his temperamental needs."

The contention is sound. Mr. Gates had not space to develop his theory in his short preface. And Newman's close bond with Romanticism has never been adequately stated. His secular writings are not extensive, and students have not fully explored his theological and controversial prose. It has been the fashion to catalogue Newman as "a great stylist", or "a modern prose-master", and then stop. But Newman was an apostle not only of two mighty churches, but also of that mysterious movement of thought and feeling called Romanticism.

One way of better comprehending this impulse in Newman is to understand more precisely his literary tastes. Much has been said of his attitude towards secular writing, but little of his pronounced preferences in English literature.

For to think of Newman as intellectually aloof from the world is absurd. His was the prodigious power of activity which has



so often characterized great minds. He believed, as he was wont to say, that "life is for action". Anecdotes abound of his contact with the simple folk of everyday life. "Nothing was easier", says Father Ignatius Dudley Ryder, of the Oratory, "than to arouse Newman's interest, for everything interested him,—literature, politics, the trade and stipulations of the merchant, the circumstances of persons and places known to him, rural life, the studies of young men, the thoughts of the simple and lowly." Favorite lines of his, quoted in the *Idea of a University*, from Juvenal, suggest Newman himself:—

"Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,  
Gaudia, discursus."

To fancy that this passion for life itself—for it was a passion, intense, comprehending, tender—would not include an interest in the web that man has spun from his complex life, literature, would, again, be absurd. Though a colleague at the Oratory declared that Newman read with real attention only books which made for righteousness, Newman himself repeatedly avows his concern with all literature which his fellow-men had created. His conviction on this point often rises into ardor. He denounces in the *Idea of a University* the illusion of "a Christian literature":—

"It is a contradiction in terms to attempt a sinless Literature of sinful man. . . . Give up the study of man, as such, if so it must be; but say you do so. Do not say you are studying him, his history, his mind and his heart, when you are studying something else. Man is a being of genius, passion, intellect, conscience, power. He exercises these various gifts in various ways, in great deeds, in great thoughts, in heroic acts, in hateful crimes. . . . He takes a thousand shapes, and undergoes a thousand fortunes. *Literature records them all to the life.*"

Regarding Newman's vast reading in ecclesiastical literature this paper makes but slight comment. He read and especially loved Saint John, Chrysostom, and Tertullian, and there are countless instances of his devotion to Saint Basil, the two Gregories, and Saint Athanasius. Such study was vitally related to his conversion to Rome, and to his most constructive

statements of faith, such as the *Development of Christian Doctrine*, and the *Apologia*, as well as to his contributions to theological controversy in pamphlet, oration, and sermon.

Classical literature, too, Newman made his own. Wherever the reader may travel in Newman's prose he will find the blessed isles of Homer, Euripides, and Vergil. For Newman delighted in imagery and allusion drawn from the Greek or from the Latin to complete the luminousness of his carefully developed thought. Yet in only one case can definite proof of these influences on his style be named, and that one case is Cicero. Tully, Newman frankly acknowledged, had been, since youth, his guide and complete mentor in points of manner. Writing to the Reverend John Hayes on April 13, 1869, he says:—

“As to patterns for imitation, the only master of style I have ever had . . . is Cicero. I think I owe a great deal to him, and as far as I know to no one else. His great mastery of Latin is shown especially in his clearness.”

Newman's brilliant essay on Cicero was written in 1824, and was republished in the first volume of *Historical Sketches*.

What we know of Newman's preferences in English Literature prior to 1800 is largely by inference. He speaks of reading in boyhood “some romance, Mrs. Radcliffe's or Miss Porter's”; at the same time he read “Tom Paine's tracts, Hume's *Essay on Miracles*, some of Voltaire”. Evidently there was no systematic or even desultory devouring in youth of the literature of his own country. There exist few allusions to Shakespeare, or, in the Oxford years of reading, to contemporary poetry. Mr. J. C. Shairp notes that he once remarked to a friend at Oxford: “No! I was never soaked in Wordsworth, as some of my contemporaries were.” It is safe to assume that he had no deep-rooted love for Shakespeare. But it is equally certain that he was able to quote regularly and freely from the plays, as he does in *The Church of the Fathers*, *The Last Years of St. Chrysostom*, *The Mission of St. Benedict*, and *Discussions and Arguments*.

Of other Elizabethan dramatists the echoes are few. But the prose writers of the age Newman seems to have known well. Bacon is honored with several pages in *The Idea of a University*. He was doubtless especially attracted by Bacon's style,

—what he calls his “majestic gravity of phrase”. For Bacon as a man of letters he apparently cared nothing; and his emotions towards him as a philosopher and a man were those of distaste and horror. To Newman Bacon was a heathen and a priest of the hated cult of worldly expediency:—

“Alas! that he too, like Socrates or Seneca, must be stripped of his holy-day coat, which looks so fair, and should be but a mockery; . . . and, for all his vast abilities, should, in the littleness of his own moral being, but typify the intellectual narrowness of his school!”

In a note on *The Idea of a University* Newman declares that he is in agreement with Macaulay's essay on Bacon's philosophy; but that he concurs in more than the general beneficent trend of Bacon's philosophy is inadmissible.

Newman's literary interests in the later seventeenth century were determined largely by his theological viewpoint. Concerning the Dissenter, Milton, he is silent. Himself an Evangelical in youth, he doubtless understood Milton's attitude; his intellectual sympathy with dogma radically opposed to his own was unbounded. Emotionally and morally, however, there was but slight bond between the Puritan leader of the seventeenth century and the Catholic prince of the nineteenth. The frequent references to Milton in the *Apologia* are bound up in theological discussion, but in his secular writings Newman often has recourse to Milton's poetry. “The world is all before it where to choose”, a paraphrase of the fourth line from the end of *Paradise Lost*, occurs in *The Idea of a University* and everywhere reappear phrases from the minor poems. On May 26, 1863, Newman writes Helen Church of “the cheerful ring of the mower's scythe on the lawn, which Milton long before me had noted”. And in *The Present Position of Catholics in England* the indestructible prejudice of the Protestant is illustrated by the “day-star” in *Lycidas*:—

“And tricks its beams, and with new-spangled ore  
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.”

Similarly, *Comus* is quoted in the passage on the Athenian Schools in *Rise and Progress of Universities*; in the same book

Abelard's fate is illustrated by an excerpt from *Samson Agonistes*; and in the ornate lecture on the Tartars in *The Turks in Their Relation to Europe* the picture of Zengis on his throne calls to Newman's mind Milton's vision of Satan in state, as described in the first part of *Paradise Lost*.

Linked with Milton in Newman's study of theology is Jeremy Taylor, for whom Newman seemed to have something very like affection. *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying* influenced him perceptibly; one instance is a letter to his mother written on December 3, 1832. He urges her to proffer a heterodox friend "some book *on the Church* . . . like 'Thomas à Kempis', or Taylor's *Holy Living*". Altogether, it is difficult to ascribe to Newman much interest in the secular literature of the later seventeenth century. Of his acquaintance with poetry, other than Milton's, there is hardly a trace. Seventeenth-century lyrics which really move him are George Herbert's. Newman shared the Tractarians' love of Herbert. His highest compliment to Keble is to compare him to Herbert, and the death of his dear friend J. W. Bowden again moves him to thoughts of Herbert. On September 19, 1844, he writes Keble concerning Bowden's death:—

"It seems very much to realize George Herbert's notion of going from earth to Paradise, as from one room to another."

As Newman's reading in English literature of the seventeenth century had always an ecclesiastical bias, so his love of the classicists found fullest expression in the succeeding century. He felt, particularly, profound admiration for the perfection, within certain limits, of Joseph Addison's prose style. The resemblance of Addison's thought and manner of expression to Cicero's he considered striking. Cicero, he says, "would have been eminently successful in short, miscellaneous essays, like those of the *Spectator*, had the manners or the age allowed it". Above all, both Cicero and Addison, he believed, "inspired their countrymen with *literary taste*". And at the end of the essay on Cicero he declares: "They resembled each other in the return [revived popularity] they experienced." Certainly, of all university men of the eighteenth century whose manner was

especially typical of their age Newman would have named as first "Addison, the son and brother of clergymen, the fellow of an Oxford Society, the resident of a college which still points to the walk which he planted". And, besides, Addison became to Newman, as he indicates in *The Idea of a University*, the supreme example of the folly of regarding literature as the precise product of a church, a university, or a system. For, classicist as he was, Addison's immortality depends not on university or church, but on experience of life. Newman's apogee in *The Idea of a University* includes a rare tribute to Addison's place in the established body of literature:—

"The world he lived in made him and used him. While his writings educated his own generation, they have delineated it for all posterity after him."

Newman thought highly, too, of Doctor Johnson's classical erudition, but he shows no enthusiasm for what he wrote or what his character meant to the age. Moreover, he was unpleasantly affected by Johnson's hypochondriacal religion. A letter to the Reverend S. Rickards, written on February 9, 1835, has a passing reference to this: "In the last century Dr. Johnson is . . . [a] striking instance . . . [of] taking the gloomy side of religion." But he is able to quote with facility from Johnson in the disquisition on Cicero, and to allude glibly to Johnson's *mot*, as related by Boswell, that "the first Whig was the Devil".

Newman did not care for the poetry of the eighteenth century. His allusions to it are negligible. Much of the Cardinal's theological anathema was directed against the negative philosophers and encyclopædists of the age; it is not surprising that he remained untouched by the poetry of Dryden, Pope, and their schools. In the chapter on the Macedonian schools in *Rise and Progress of Universities* he praises Dryden, and in *The Mission of St. Benedict* he creates a curious contrast to his own warmly tinted prose by quoting from the icy Pope. On the whole, however, expectation is fulfilled: he ignores the poetry of Queen Anne and of the earlier Georges.

More surprising, perhaps, is his neglect of the later poetry of the century. There is no evidence, it seems, that he was at all

affected by Burns, Thomson, or, indeed, by any of the early Romanticists. One reminiscence only occurs of Cowper, but that is a moving and characteristic one. On October 25, 1863, he writes Mrs. Brownlow concerning the popular false notion of the Catholic worship of images:—

“In England Catholics pray *before* images, not *to* them. As to the nature of the feeling itself, and its absolute incongruity with any intellectual intention of addressing the image as an image, I think it is not difficult for any one with an ordinary human heart to understand it. Do we not love the pictures that we have of friends departed? Will not a husband wear in his bosom and kiss the miniature of his wife? Cannot you fancy a man addressing himself to it, as if it were the reality? Think of Cowper’s lines on his Mother’s picture. ‘Those lips are thine,’ he says, ‘thine own sweet smile I see’—and then ‘Fancy shall steep me in Elysian reverie, a momentary dream *that thou art She.*’ And then he goes on to the Picture, ‘My Mother.’”

How like Newman! Self-revelation is here. Such love of earthly poetry as this stern, tender man permitted himself was to be given to souls like Cowper’s; never to the frosty complacency of the age of Dryden, but to his own peers, the poets of nineteenth-century Romanticism.

Father Ryder’s brief record of Newman’s literary preferences mentions no intimacy with his contemporaries in prose and verse, save through the medium of their books. Newman was a man of letters as well as a churchman, but he was never a member of a literary circle. Even Kingsley, his dearest enemy in literary dialectic, he never saw. And many others, it may be frankly stated, he did not wish to know. But for the writings of still others he manifested the keenest sympathy and affection. These literary preferences are so distinct, so intense, and, when thoughtfully considered, so characteristic, that they illumine a lovely, and, I fear, an almost forgotten side of Newman’s nature. Not now the theologian, nor the searcher of men’s souls in dim St. Mary’s, but an Englishman absorbed in the romance and beauty of English literature. We see him relaxed; *dégagé*; deep, as when an imaginative boy, in some old tale, as told by his beloved Southey or Sir Walter.



For the influence of Sir Walter Scott upon him was enormous. Doubtless it was linked with those mystical dreams of boyhood of which Newman was wont to make so much. In 1871, sending thanks for a copy of the *Life of Scott*, he writes:—

"In one sense I deserve it; I have ever had such a devotion . . . to Walter Scott. As a boy, in the early summer mornings I read *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering* in bed when they first came out, before it was time to get up; and long before that—I think, when I was eight years old—I listened eagerly to *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which my mother and aunt were reading aloud."

Newman was deeply thankful for Scott's power to turn the eyes of men again towards the Middle Ages, and he felt that in this respect he and Scott were basically in accord with each other. It is in the *Apologia* that this gratitude finds its fullest expression, in a passage which first appeared in the pages of the *British Critic*:—

"The general need of something deeper and more attractive than what had offered itself elsewhere, may be considered to have led to his popularity; and by means of his popularity he reacted on his readers, stimulating their mental thirst, feeding their hopes, setting before them visions, which, when once seen, are not easily forgotten, and silently indoctrinating them with nobler ideas, which might afterwards be appealed to as first principles."

So in the pages of the ecclesiastic ring the melodies of the minstrel. Thus in the description of the persecution of the Christians in *Callista* Newman pauses suddenly to say:—

"It would require . . . the magic pen of Sir Walter, to catalogue and to picture . . . the figures and groups of that most miserable procession."

And, as a single instance in *Loss and Gain*:—

"'Why, Fusby,' said Vincent, overhearing and coming up, 'you are like the three old crones in *The Bride of Lammermoor* who wished to have straiking of the Master of Ravenswood.'"

Nor is it fancy to detect the influence of Scott's genius for description in the novels of Newman. This is especially apparent

in certain passages in *Callista*, such as the pictures of the plague of locusts, or Juba's madness. In Newman's lectures and letters, too, Scott is immanent. In *Discussions and Arguments*, for example, there is *Quentin Durward*, and in a letter to his mother, in 1820, there is the usual praise of *Ivanhoe*.

Unquestionably, Newman's liking for Scott's novels was intensified by the moral fibre he found in them and in their author's character. Again and again he praises their persuasive benevolence. As Father Ryder says, he thought of Scott's writings as "an influence for good as well as a source of artistic delight". On July 17, 1836, in praising Keble for an excellent sermon, he writes:—

"You see it seems to me a great object, as Sir Walter Scott beat bad novels out of the field, in like manner to beat out bad sermons by supplying a more *real* style of sermon."

The continuance of personal respect and regard for Scott is evident in a letter written to Hope Scott on December 16, 1852:—

"When he was dying, I was saying prayers (whatever they were worth) for him, continually thinking of Keble's words: 'Think on the minstrel as ye kneel'."

A modern reader will appreciate Newman's real devotion to romance for its own sake, if he realizes that next to Scott he loved best, in secular literature, Robert Southey. Southey he knew and respected, and he was fond of thinking that Southey's writings inculcated virtue. But, in addition, he read, re-read, and quoted, with pleasure, those interminable pæans of boredom, *Thalaba*, and *The Curse of Kehama*. The reader of Newman's prose encounters lines from these two poems constantly cropping up. Charles Reading, the hero of *Loss and Gain*, on the brink of conversion to the Roman church, and speaking of the supposed corruption in the fold, says:—

"I now believe it to be like those hideous forms which in fairy tales beset good knights, when they would force their way into some enchanted palace. Recollect the words in *Thalaba*, 'The talisman is faith'."

In *Rise and Progress of Universities* Newman praises the overwhelming learning of the two pseudo-epics, and in the *Apologia* Southey is mentioned in the same breath with Scott. Father Ryder says that Newman admitted having "an immense liking" for Southey, and, in particular, for *Thalaba*. What attracted him was its romantic quality,—

"its succession of pictures, which so full of colour never glitter, have nothing of the impressionist about them; the tremendous catastrophe in which the hero dying achieves his victory, without earthly recompense."

Writers with a wholly alien point of view had, generally, little sway over Newman. Yet Thackeray, the novelist *par excellence* of this mortal life, was a favorite. Newman maintained his eager interest in Thackeray until the very end of Thackeray's life, reading every word that the novelist wrote, even to the last sad prose in the *Cornhill*. Thackeray's half-cynical analysis of life filled Newman with amazed pity, and from his quick taking-off he drew a lesson. Yet there is real affection in the letter that he wrote Miss Holmes just after Thackeray's death. He wishes, he says, "to express the piercing sorrow" that he feels at the loss:—

"You know I never saw him, but you have interested me in him, and one saw in his books the workings of his mind,—and he has died with such awful suddenness. A new work of his has been advertised, and I looked forward with pleasure to reading it, and now the drama of his life is closed, and he himself is the greatest instance of the text of which he was so full: '*Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas.*' I wonder whether he has known his own decay, for decay I think there has been. I thought his last novel betrayed lassitude and exhaustion of mind, and he has lain by apparently for a year. . . . What a world this is! How wretched they are who take it for their portion. Poor Thackeray! It seems but the other day since we became Catholics. Now all his renown has been since that—he has made his name, has been made much of, has been fêted, and has gone out."

*Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis* and the rest! Romance it is again that wins Newman. Thwarted romance, perhaps, in the lives of Becky Sharp and Laura, but none the less romance.

In fact, Newman's instinctive touchstone, in his reading, when it was not righteousness, was romance. It is, perhaps, true to say that Newman seldom cared for books whose general trend was not to make the will of God prevail. But it is equally true that there are notable cases of his liking books whose only appeal could have been their romance. A book which lacked both of these qualities could not hold him. Thus the realism and the agnosticism of George Eliot repelled him doubly; he could not endure the novels of natural fact. On the other hand, although he condemned Byron, he was unable to resist his ecstatic romance. "I think", says Father Ryder, "he could have admired Byron heartily, if his moral disapprobation had allowed him. I have heard him speak with enthusiasm of the third canto of *Childe Harold* with an '*O si sic omnia!*'" In *Rise and Progress of Universities* Newman quotes from Byron's *Bride of Abydos*, and various other allusions attest something more than acquaintance with the poet. Yet, as may be guessed, Byron's way of life received scant shrift from Newman. In his historical sketch, *The Conversion of St. Augustine*, occurs his real judgment of Byron:—

"We have seen in our own day, in the case of a popular poet, an impressive instance of a great genius throwing off the fear of God, seeking for happiness in the creature, roaming unsatisfied from one object to another, breaking his soul upon itself, and bitterly confessing and imparting his wretchedness to all around him."

When, then, righteousness and romance are at variance, righteousness conquers,—but there is also that regretful "*O si sic omnia!*"

There is, too, a perfect and delightful consistency in Newman's dislike of the realism of Jane Austen. Speaking of Miss Austen he declares flatly that what he expects in a novel is *romance*. Mrs. Mozley quotes Newman's letter to her with his opinion of Jane Austen with "a sense almost of disloyalty":—

"I have been reading *Emma*. Everything Miss Austen writes is clever, but I desiderate something. There is a want of *body* to the story. The action is frittered away in over-little things. There are some beautiful things in it.

Emma herself is the most interesting to me of all her heroines. I feel kind to her whenever I think of her. *But Miss Austen has no romance—none at all.* . . . What vile creatures her parsons are! She has not a dream of the high Catholic *ἦθος*."

An examination of Newman's literary preferences is thus suggestive to those who regard Newman not merely as an ecclesiastic but as a creator of English literature. Such a study proves primarily that he was a descendant of romantic tradition. Newman's purely literary interests were not attached to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; it is clear that the emotions aroused in him by a Bacon or a Dryden were chiefly those of amazement and intellectual curiosity. Even a Shakespeare or a Milton were alien to him in comparison with his profound and instinctive concern for what was being thought and written by his contemporaries. Two touchstones he employed always and unconsciously: the love of righteousness and the love of romance. Wordsworth's pantheism he disliked; the romantic strain in him he loved, and he never tired of quoting the opening lines of the *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*. Crabbe's realism he called "vulgar familiarity", but he found delight in the romantic character of some of the *Tales*. Fouqué's *Romantic Tales* he praises *passim*, and *Sintram* engrossed him. A mental résumé of Newman's attitudes towards English literature of various periods and tendencies will convince the reader that, although never of any group, Newman was an integral part of the Romantic Revival. Possibly his isolation is but a further proof of the force of the movement; men so utterly different as Byron and Newman are moulded by its spirit. All that Newman truly loves in the writings of his contemporaries was allied with his sensitive feeling for the magic of romance. Every literary preference of Newman's proclaims him, directly or indirectly, a Romanticist.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

Yale University.

## TWO SONNETS

### I. A FOOTPRINT

On yester morn, at early matin call,  
    (The thrush's matins) as I trod the glade,  
    And saw the dreamy beryl slowly fade,  
And flush to gold along the woodland wall,  
And sensed the dews, and felt the soothing thrall  
    Of balms distilled within the slumberous shade,  
    I dropped my gaze, and lo, the loam betrayed  
A single clear-limned footprint,—that was all!

Aye! that was all! and yet that cloven hoof  
    Awakened fancy till before my eyes  
    Trooped by the pageant of an elder dawn;  
And I beheld from coppices aloof  
    Pass, pipes upraised, head held in antic wise,  
    The goat-hoof Pan and many a dancing faun!

### II. A SILENT NOCTURNE

We wandered down the dewy terraces  
    Where fireflies glittered in a golden band;  
    With no word spoken we could understand  
How dusk was filled with silent harmonies.  
No soft articulation moved the trees;  
    There was no wafture of a rose's hand;  
    Beauty that brooded o'er the lovely land  
Betrayed no breath to wake a slumbering breeze.

There was a water where no ripple stirred,  
    A surface misty with miraculous white,  
    Wherein the moon, reduplicate from on high,  
    Came down as Dian did from out the sky,  
And lay, the while no slightest sigh was heard,  
    A perfect lily on the pool of Night.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

New York.



## BUSINESS AND POLITICS AT CARTHAGE

Carthage was the first well-organized commercial state of which we know. It owed its existence to trade necessities; its policies were, from first to last, controlled almost exclusively by trade interests. Its commercial sphere, sharply defined, was intensively developed. Within that sphere it had a seldom contested monopoly and no enduring rival for almost five hundred years. Its genius for the exploitation of inferior races, seldom surpassed, made it the architect of its own ruin. Since we know of it almost wholly through its rivals, its enemies or its destroyers, it has been natural to regard it chiefly as a factor in the making of the Roman Empire, but from economic or institutional points of view it is not amiss to consider politics in the western Mediterranean from the mid-eighth to the mid-second century before our era with Carthage in the forefront of the moving scene.

Carthage began as one, probably not the first, of a string of African settlements evoked by the needs and opportunities of Phœnician trade with Tarshish (Gades, Cadiz). The circling current of the Mediterranean set eastward along this coast. The advantages alike for trade and defence of the site of Carthage and its harbor soon gave it leadership among its fellows. The natives of the region had, indeed, till centuries later, little of their own to tempt a merchant-adventurer. But there was precious merchandise to be had from the interior, and staple fish-food in inexhaustible abundance from the neighboring sea. Still, the resources of Africa were then so far inferior to those of Spain or even Sardinia that they can have weighed only incidentally in the Phœnician balance.

A complete transformation of the situation, political and commercial, in the western Mediterranean began in the seventh and was completed in the sixth century. Greeks caused it, aided unwittingly by Assyrians. The eighth century settlements of Hellenes in Sicily and Magna Græcia had been so extended in the seventh that after the founding of Acragas (Agrigentum) they needed only to capture Lilybæum to complete their circuit of

Sicily. Hitherto, in the Ægean and elsewhere, Phœnician traders had suffered themselves to be absorbed by the Greek settlers as resident aliens. As with some other trading peoples, *ubi bona ibi patria* might have been their device. But now Carthage saw, and was first of all Phœnician cities to see, that foreign domination in Sicily might prove—as in the outcome it did prove—fatal. She persuaded most of the other Phœnician cities of the West to see it also, and, if they would not see, she did not scruple to compel their aid.

Self-defence demanded union. Their very livelihood was at stake and there was no other help. Nebuchadnazzar was besieging Tyre in the very year that the Greeks were founding Acragas. Already one Ionian had got safe to Samos with freight from Tarshish rich enough to fire every adventurous heart, and Greeks from Massilia (Marseilles), having apparently absorbed the Phœnician traders there, had secured firm control of the overland route for tin and had stretched a line of trading-stations along the Mediterranean coast to beyond Saguntum. Samians, Rhodians, Phocæans were diverting from Carthage her materials for manufacture even while they were closing her access to the Eastern markets. Carthage, preparing for a counterstroke, bided her time. With Cyrus's conquest of the Greek cities in Asia her opportunity came.

The first step in this offensive-defensive was the fortification of Ivica in 654. Phocæa replied by setting up a naval base at Aleria in Corsica in 652. Then, doubtless after due prompting, the three Phœnician settlements which still remained in western Sicily appealed formally to Carthage for protection, which was given so vigorously that for the moment the Greeks were excluded from that part of Sicily and from Sardinia as well. Then, in shrewd alliance with the Etruscans, they engaged the Phocæans in the first recorded naval battle in the West at Aleria and forced their withdrawal to Massilia, where their descendants doubtless added vigor to the anti-Carthaginian policy of that city in after time.

That alliance and that battle mark the beginning of the first consistently conceived and steadfastly pursued policy of segregation of commercial spheres. It implies the presence at

Carthage in the sixth century of a succession of purposeful, far-sighted statesmen of acute, though narrow vision. The ostensible purpose of the alliance was to defend Etruscan interests in Corsica. The ulterior aim of Carthage was to secure at that price a neighboring state's support for her own assertion of monopoly in Sardinia and the western Mediterranean. A similar understanding was reached with the Massilots, who were accorded a free hand to the West as far as Cape Nao, beyond the future site of Saguntum. The Carthaginians thereby secured the opportunity to consolidate, without outside intervention, their evidently somewhat shaken position in southern Spain. A treaty with Rome, probably made in 509, was conceived in the same spirit.<sup>1</sup> In return for a free hand in Italy and rights of a most favored nation in Carthaginian Sicily, the Romans agreed to keep their shipping to the east of Carthage and not to traffic in Libya or Sardinia except in the presence of a Carthaginian official whose approval carried a government endorsement of the contract.

Similarly, to assure their trading-posts to the east the Carthaginians agreed with the Greeks of Cyrene to regard the group of cairns known as the Altars of the Philæni as a boundary to their trading-spheres. After the Spartan Dorieus had been foiled, about 510, in an attempt to settle near the river Cinyps, Carthaginian domination was as unchallenged in the Greater and Lesser Syrtes as in the West. Satisfactory agreements seem to have been reached also with the native Africans and with the Latin rivals of Rome, and so soon as Gelon had attained a dominant position in Sicily the Carthaginians tried to reach with him also a similar understanding. Their constant effort was by concessions elsewhere to get undisturbed possession of a defined sphere, to police that sphere thoroughly, and, by keeping out of the spheres they yielded to others, to help do away with the war of each against all that had, for many years, threatened to make trading unsafe in the western Mediter-

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<sup>1</sup>What purports to present the text of the treaty in a Greek version is given by Polybius, III. 22; on its authenticity and date see Beloch, *Der italienische Bund unter Roms Hegemonie*, pp. 181 f.

anean or the Tyrrhenean Sea, where Greeks, Romans and Carthaginians had long been rivals in piracy, and the Etruscans of all most feared. It speaks well for the sagacity and moderation of these early advocates of "gentlemen's agreements" that these understandings were in general faithfully observed by all concerned for nearly three centuries, the best proof that they wronged none seriously and made for the common good. To Carthage they gave the wealth which was the invitation to her destruction. From 500 to the first war with Rome, more than two hundred years, there is no mention of sea-robbery, state against state, in Carthaginian waters. Even private piracy was rare.

Within the bounds thus drawn monopoly was relentlessly enforced. The circuit of their closed sea may be roughly drawn from Leptis on the African coast to Malta, Western Sicily, the northern point of Sardinia, the Balearic Isles (Ivica), Cape Nao, Cape St. Vincent; then along the African Atlantic coast to Lixus, back to Tingis (Tangier) and thence along the north African coast to Leptis again. Within these waters foreign ships would be sunk at sight. Any Carthaginian merchant or captain might take the law into his own hands, assured of compensation for damages and of public thanks.<sup>2</sup> This condition lasted till in Greek memory the tracks were quite effaced which had once been familiar to Phocæan keels. But, though the Greek danger had passed forever, Sicily remained always a weak link in the girdle. Here the policy of delimitation and temporizing failed and there was constant drain on Carthaginian resources through the varying fortunes of war. The commercialized state never brought itself to a resolutely aggressive Sicilian policy till the situation outgrew even its powers, and first that island, then the empire itself, fell to Rome. The conflict had long been inevitable. Its postponement had made the result inevitable also.

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<sup>2</sup>Strabo (III. v. 11.) tells of a "Phœnician", presumably Carthaginian, captain who, on his way to the "tin islands", finding his course dogged by Roman ships, steered his own vessel into shoals that he might lure theirs to destruction and that none might learn whence came that precious ore. He was repaid from public funds and seems to have had a legal claim to the compensation.

Meantime, however, the Carthaginians, not content with intensive cultivation of their trade preserve, were making notable efforts to extend it by exploration. Hanno's voyage of discovery along the African coast nearly, it seems, to Cape Palmas is recorded in a Greek version of a Carthaginian temple record. His brother Himilco worked his way northward, through stormier seas, apparently as far as the Scilly Islands, although the report of his venture is belated, vague and indefinite. Both these expeditions date from the mid-fifth century. They were on a large scale and apparently under government auspices. It is curious to note that while indefinite rumors had reached Herodotus of things Hanno was the first to note, he knew nothing of either expedition, so well did the Carthaginians guard their own counsel. They were on all hands accounted the best skippers and oarsmen of their time. Their ships were used as models by the Romans and some of them gained distinction as blockade-runners.<sup>3</sup> A city-state which undertook such enterprises as those of Hanno and Himilco must have felt quite secure in its hegemony of the Phœnicians of the West. But these were not yet welded into an homogeneous empire. Other ancient cities, such as Utica, had a nominally coördinate authority and in local matters a restricted independence, though by 450 the direction of large affairs was controlled by the council of the dominant city.

Government at Carthage, as Aristotle<sup>4</sup> describes it at the time of its still ascending prosperity, was of and for the wealthy, although with at least the nominal consent of the governed in the election of *suffetes* and generals. It was a timocracy, adapted to a community with no well-to-do middle class and no desire to develop one. Material interests were its exclusive guides. What law was to be to Rome, profit was to Carthage. Its legislation, except at intervals in later days, consistently subordinated agriculture to commerce, much in the spirit of the English law-makers of the eighteenth century. Within its limitations the governing aristocracy showed itself moderate, but steadfast even to stubbornness. Wars it undertook reluctantly and for trade reasons only, more often in defence than for

<sup>3</sup> Polybius, I. 46-49.

<sup>4</sup> Aristotle: *Politics*, II. 11.

aggression, and with a most dispassionate calculation of probable profit and loss. So far as possible it would carry on hostilities with mercenaries, as a sort of gigantic commercial venture. The mass of the people would be left free to follow their normal vocations, dwelling "after the manner of the Zidonians, quiet and secure".<sup>5</sup>

Carthaginian polity seems to have been a home product, devised by shrewd men to meet peculiar conditions. It did what was expected of it in extending commerce and helping Phoenicians at the expense of their subjects and their neighbors. The administration by men of wealth was unchallenged by the masses, probably because it was felt that trade monopoly, on which the welfare of each, as of all, depended, would be safest in the hands of a merchant aristocracy. The prosperity, to all intents the existence, of the state depended on the control of distant markets and mines. This in its turn depended on sea-power, and this on an intelligent financial administration, which no others were so likely to furnish as the merchant princes. To these the populace would not grudge a prosperity in which they shared and they gave little encouragement to generals who, feeling their services inadequately rewarded, from time to time attempted revolution. By strict supervision of its membership and rigid exclusion of the unworthy, by diligent care for the dependent classes, by opening to efficient commoners large possibilities of wealth in the colonies, the timocracy maintained its sway unshaken till the Roman wars, although since the close of the fifth century the rise of the Barca family showed a tendency toward monarchy based on demagogic appeals such as was to appear later at Rome.<sup>6</sup>

The commercial spirit of the Carthaginians had curious ethical reactions. Love of peace was a cancer in their state. It prevented undertakings of vital import, such as the conquest of Sicily, from being pushed to their legitimate ends. It led also to a distrust of a citizen soldiery and so hindered the development of a full devotion of the individual to the state. It tended to confirm religion as an affair of state, to make art imitative and

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<sup>5</sup> Judges, XVIII, 7.

<sup>6</sup> Polybius, II. 21, 8, and I. 13, 12.



to respect science only in so far as it promised tangible returns. From first to last the manufactures of the Carthaginian homeland were in general inferior to imported wares. Hence their goods were exportable only to protected markets or less cultivated lands. They were as averse to the contests of open trade as of the battlefield. They knew that they needed monopoly to hold trade. Carthage had always, to a large degree, the functions of a commercial clearing-house. Even its own manufacturers sent their wares out with false Greek trademarks on them. It was for good cause that "Punic faith" became a by-word with the Romans, whose faults lay in an opposite direction, and that Polybius pronounced their credit "worse than Roman".<sup>1</sup>

The revenues of the Carthaginian state came chiefly from port-dues. That there were grave abuses and some evasion is indicated by the importance attributed to the administrative reforms introduced by Hannibal. Whether there was discrimination between ports does not appear. Port-dues were certainly collected at Carthage, but Livy speaks of the Tripolitan cities as *urbes vectigales*. At Charax, on the Cyrenean boundary, the volume of smuggling seems to have been scandalous. Large revenue was also obtained from mines, either leased or in direct operation. Whether silver and tin were state monopolies is not clear. Special subsidies or tributes were exacted from dependent and protected cities, nominally, as with Athens in the Delian confederacy, in return for sea-police, for Carthage kept all naval forces under immediate control. The citizens paid direct taxes only in and for emergencies.

The Carthaginian administrators, for all their industry and wealth, were not good public financiers. If in some respects they seem before their time, in others they were far behind it. Coins they did not mint until a little before 400 and then first in Sicily and by Athenian weights, as though to meet the demands of their foreign mercenaries in the island. At Carthage, until about 350, payments were made by weight, although money was already a recognized commodity for which bankers had devised a token substitute. At least, it was reported in Greece

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<sup>1</sup> Polybius, VI. 56, and compare XXXII. 13.

that at Carthage "anything is wrapped in a piece of leather about the size of a stater. What it is no one knows but the maker. When this is sealed they use it as money." \* This was probably written toward the close of the fourth century. Carthage had then been enjoying a long period of expanding trade, which had, it seems, outgrown the supply of bullion. Other West Phœnician cities preceded Carthage in coinage. It is significant that they employed at first Greeks to cut their dies. The inscriptions were in Greek letters and at times in that language also.

State loans were well understood. In prosperous days Carthage had lent of her superfluity to Cyrene. In the straits of her first war with Rome she applied to Ptolemy of Egypt for a loan. He thought the security good but the loan impolitic. Much less justifiable means to supply or spare the state treasury are recorded, apparently for emulation, in the Pseudo-Aristotelian *Economics*. It was told that when once money was lacking to pay mercenaries all the citizen creditors of foreigners were asked to furnish memoranda of the sums due. The foreign shipping in port was then seized and enough borrowed on it to pay the soldiery. Then an admiralty court was set up and convenient adjustments made. Such rough and ready finance seems a normal prelude to the rapid debasement of coinage after the first war with Rome. After the second, the coins offered for the first payment of indemnity were found to be twenty-five per cent. short in silver.<sup>9</sup>

The population of the city cannot well have been over 130,000, for there was not space for more, even if Appian is right about the six-story houses. Ancient estimates range up to the 700,000 of Strabo (XVII. 3, 15)—an impossibility. Of the 130,000 perhaps 20,000 would be native menials. According to Kahrstedt's judicious estimate,<sup>10</sup> Utica might have held 25,000, Great Leptis 20,000, Hadrumetum 15,000; and no other city of the Libyan

\* Pseudo-Plato: *Eryxias*, 24. Compare Æschines: *Dialogues*, II. 24; Aristides: *Orations*, II. 145; and Lenormant: *La Monnaie dans l'antiquité*, I. 220.

<sup>9</sup> Livy, XXXII. ii. 2.

<sup>10</sup> Kahrstedt, U.: *Geschichte der Karthager von 218 bis 146*, an exhaustive study to which there has been constant reference here.

coast, over 10,000 in the best days. In Phœnician Libya altogether there were possibly 220,000 Phœnicians; in the islands perhaps 40,000 more, with 10,000 along the northwest African coast, and from 25,000 to 40,000 on the Atlantic. Among these 335,000 Phœnicians there will have dwelt perhaps fifty or sixty thousand natives; in Libya there may have been 650,000 of them. In civilizing these, outside the cities, very little had been attempted and still less accomplished, even in the neighborhood of the capital. There is not a trace of settlement or influence on the main-travelled road from Carthage to Hadrumetum. Near Utica it is much the same. Punic artisans or traders seem not to have entered Numidia till they were summoned by the enlightened native prince Masinissa. Roman officers and engineers were first to realize the economic possibilities of that region. Under direct Carthaginian rule the natives had been exploited and neglected. They were oppressed and dissatisfied. They rebelled when they dared. In prosperous times they would furnish mercenaries, but no support in evil days. From pastoral and mountain districts the masters asked only tribute and recruits. The clans might quarrel among themselves at will. In the grain regions order was maintained, for that was to the interest of the absentee landlords. This was not a policy on which to build an empire that would withstand a well-organized and determined attack.

The pillars of the Carthaginian state were its colonies. These posts offer a compendious and doubly classical illustration of the "colonial system". Originating in trading-settlements and factories, they were held, even after they had become cities with dependent territories, in a rigid subordination for exploitation. The plan was to make Carthage the radiating point of trade, the colonized cities its reservoirs and distributing points. At Carthage, besides an interior naval basin, the outlines of artificial docks in a commercial harbor measuring 1,800 by 1,000 feet can still be traced. Traffic soon outgrew this and a much larger outer harbor gave scope for extensive warehouses to which temporary breaches in the walls afforded convenient access. So long as Carthage controlled the sea these needed no defence. When that power passed they had none. Hasdrubal fired them

to delay the Roman attack. Foreign traders, except for the enforced and reluctant exception of Sicily, were allowed in Carthage only, so that outsiders, so far as possible, might be kept ignorant alike of the costs of production and of the sources of supply. From a treaty made with Rome in 306 it would seem that even with one another colonies might trade only under sharp restrictions.

South Spain from Cape Nao to Cape St. Vincent had by 500 become a seaboard colony, with the Balearic Islands for its outpost and bulwark against Massilia, although these islands never came under full Carthaginian domination, as did the Pityusæ. Gades was the central station for import and export. Hither ships brought from the north Atlantic tin and amber; from the south the gold which natives had carried to Cerne from the Niger, Senegal and the western Sudan to barter for trinkets, ornaments and toilet wares. Gradually, control was extended over the not too distant silver mines of Spain. That the Carthaginians were masters of the whole coast is assumed and conceded in the treaty made with Rome in 349-8. With this status Carthage remained content until the loss of Sardinia, as a result of the first war with Rome, led to encroachments on Massilia's sphere north of Cape Nao, from which the Carthaginians had kept aloof for nearly three centuries. The change of policy was radical and momentous.

Until the settlements made in pursuit of this new policy by Hamilcar between 239 and 229, Gades, Malacca, Saxetanum and Abdera were the only cities of any size in Carthaginian Spain. Even after the Barca conquests they ruled only a strip some 125 miles wide along the coast. Carthago Nova (Carthagera), the new capital, will hardly have had over 10,000 Punic inhabitants. In all Spain, Kahrstedt thinks, there may have been by 218 about 40,000 among 2,000,000 natives. But the vigor of the Barca administration, with the great native capabilities it revealed, aroused the jealous dread of the Greeks of Massilia and its dependent Rhode and Emporiæ.

Now, in manufactures of the better class Carthage could not compete on equal terms in Spain. Its only recourse was in extension and exclusion. The governing class chose that the

natives should pay a high price for inferior Carthaginian wares rather than buy better for less from Greeks. How the people in Spain of every race felt about this is made quite clear by the ready submission of all to Scipio after his defeat of Hasdrubal in 210, and perhaps even more clear by the fact that this submission seemed so natural to the ancient chroniclers that of its details they record nothing. Even in Gades a strong party put trade connections with the rest of Spain above any claims of traditional loyalty, and transferred their allegiance from Carthage to Rome as soon as they dared. It was inability to hold the Spanish market under any other conditions than enforced monopoly which led Carthage to take a course in which Rome found the occasion she desired for the second Punic war. Thus Spain, which had first called the African settlements into being and had been the mainstay of their prosperity, the chief recruiting ground of their soldiery and marine, was also the cause of their ruin.

Sardinia, still as it is said to have been in Egyptian days,<sup>11</sup> a good recruiting-ground for mercenaries, furnished also ores, wool, mules and some grain in exchange for wine and female slaves. The market must have been counted important, for it figures by name in the Roman treaty of 349-8. In return for Carthaginian coöperation in restraining piracy and privateering in the Tyrrhenean Sea, Rome agreed to keep her ships, except under stress of weather, from the island. The Carthaginians did not abuse their monopoly here, for Sardinia passed under Roman control in a flourishing condition.<sup>12</sup> Corsica shared its fate, a wild island, poor in minerals or tillage, but valued for timber and harborage, for slaves, honey and wax. It had been first Phocæan, then Etruscan, then Carthaginian. After the Roman war with the Samnites it became neutral ground and was so accounted in a trade treaty of 306. But it soon passed into control of the dominant sea power. Rome took it in 259.

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<sup>11</sup> The "Shardina" named among islanders tributary to the Pharaohs of the mid-fourteenth century, commonly reputed Sardinians, seem to have been rather men of Sardis. See Hall: *Ancient History of the Near East*, p. 220, London, 1913.

<sup>12</sup> Polybius, III. 24, and I. 84.

Sicily, by the instability and still more by the opportunism of Carthaginian policy, became the battleground on which the power and commercial prestige of Carthage were to be challenged with ultimate success. The island was of commercial value primarily for foods. Grain, wine, olive oil, cattle, sheep, cheese, tunny-fish and salt were leading exports; horses, tallow, ship-timber, asphalt, dyeing earths and precious stones are also mentioned. Textiles and pottery seem to have been sent out only from Syracuse and Acragas. Of the dependent islands Lipara was the chief source of alum, essential to the dyeing industry, in which Carthaginians were hereditary adepts; Malta, although it produced better pottery than Carthage and later became noted for textiles, was valued chiefly, then as since, for its harbor.

The West Phœnicians, after a defeat by the Greeks at Himera in 480, had in general for some seventy years maintained peaceful relations with their fellow-exploiters of the native Sicilians. But here, as in Spain, the rise of Barca ambitions brought aggressions, extension of territory and the organization of a province. From 409 to 265 there was nearly constant war, with Syracuse almost always the occasion. Four times the Carthaginians mastered all the island, except that city. They were in turn almost wholly driven from it by Dionysius I, Agathocles and Pyrrhus. Dionysius in 398 had organized the first "Sicilian Vespers". Long resident Punic traders in Greek Sicilian cities were brutally massacred. A five-years war followed, during all of which Greek traders in Carthage were unmolested. Their business was thought worth more than their blood. At the peace shrines for the veneration of Demeter and Kore were set up in Carthage at public cost and provision made for priests from both races. Apollo, too, had a temple there. Evidently, when the door was open at all to foreign traders it was not kept ajar.

The Syracusans were less placable. Agathocles, matching Dionysius in racial antagonism, carried the war into Africa and from 310 to 308 seemed to threaten the very existence of Carthage. Yet when, at great cost, its leaders had averted a danger they had done little to forestall, again they shrank from a supreme



effort and were content with a truly compromising peace. Characteristically war-weary, the pacifist traders negotiated in the same year, 306, a treaty with Rome by which they were to keep hands off in Italy, Rome in Sicily. But while Rome was using this lull before the inevitable conflict for the steady extension and strengthening of her power, Carthage for seventeen years made not one attempt to turn the situation to account. The strangest of pacifist fatuities was, however, reserved for 278. Pyrrhus, thwarted in Italy, had turned on Sicily. Carthaginian leaders at this cardinal moment were short-sighted enough to ally themselves with Rome, their ineluctable rival, against that rival's only other effective enemy. Then, after they had thwarted Pyrrhus at Lilybæum and he had turned once more to Italy, they relapsed into their old place, as though dreading the responsibilities of conquest, incapable of seeing, what Pyrrhus well knew, that they invited destruction by standing still.

Foreign trade was for Carthage perhaps less extensive but culturally more important than the domestic. No other people ever introduced such varied wares into the commerce of the world. From the storehouses of Carthage were distributed to all Mediterranean ports and beyond them, all the metals of commerce, salt, alum, precious stones, amber, ivory, grain, dates, fruits, vegetables, spices, wines, textiles, wool, pottery, hides, harness, horses, ostrich feathers, ornaments, perfumes, salves and slaves, both negro and white, evidently in large numbers. Among imports there is specific mention of all the usual metals, ivory, hides, wax, silphium, grain, oil, wine, dates, fruits, honey, mules and slaves. Raw materials came usually from the colonies. The great profits of foreign trade were derived from the manufacture of these, especially the metals, into articles adapted to barter, south and west.

With her nomad neighbors Carthage followed for centuries a policy of conciliation without civilization. Subventions were paid to some tribes, tribute in return for protection was exacted from others. All furnished mercenaries. For Carthage their primary importance was that they controlled access to the Sudan and could keep the Cyreneans away from it if it were made worth their while. Leptis, Oea and Sabrata, the three cities

which gave its name to Tripoli, had been founded in early days at the termini of the best caravan routes across the Sahara, which had its own wealth of dates and salt, for the gold, ivory and slaves of Equatorial Africa. Man-hunting was conducted there by the Carthaginians as a business and on a large scale, "with four-horse chariots". It would have been from one of the Tripolitan cities that the five "bold youths, sons of powerful men", of whom Herodotus<sup>13</sup> tells, started on the quest which apparently led them to Lake Chad. On the way they could have observed the use of salt as fertilizer and an advanced culture of the date-palm, matters which such writers as Mago were later to turn to practical account. It is to be noted that these capitalist explorers went as representatives of their class, "chosen by lot", not as agents. For in the Sudan trade, as elsewhere, the Carthaginians tried always to eliminate so far as practicable the middleman and his profit. Foreign trade and especially foreign barter were usually managed by men trading on their own account. Plautus in his *Poenulus* (Act V., Sc. 2) shows a relation between the trading adventurer and the merchant prince at Carthage very like what we know of the "*commenda*" in Hammurabi's Babylon. The wholesaler might possibly be a jobber, never apparently a retail trader or regular merchant.

With Cyrene trade was apparently brisk and normally placid. With Egypt a close connection was maintained by land and sea for centuries, until, with the founding of Alexandria and the development of the vast mercantile system of the Ptolemies, Carthage found at last a rival of equal commercial determination and greater concentration of resources. The rise of Alexandria was doubly portentous, for it came at a juncture when the shrewder were beginning to suspect that the imposing structure of Carthaginian empire, like the image of Nebuchadnezzar's vision, with head of fine gold and thighs of brass, had feet part clay.

Ties of common religion as well as of political and commercial sympathy bound Carthage to the old homeland, but she admitted no subordination to Tyre after the eighth century and no sub-

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<sup>13</sup> Herodotus, II. 32; IV. 183-185.

mission to the Persian conquerors of the motherland, however flatterers at Susa might interpret embassies of conciliation in the interest of trade. Tyre was made a partner, probably silent, in the Roman treaty of 306, and was ready to brave the anger of triumphant Rome to honor the fugitive Hannibal. With the Greeks of the Ægean and its coasts there are indications of more trade than was invited by official gestures of mutual exclusion. Carthaginian efforts to gain a foothold in Southern Italy were persistent, and apparently in some measure successful, for it will have been to secure their connections in Campania that ambassadors came from Carthage to Rome in 343. There is record of attacks on Rhegium and Tarentum and of Punic ships wrecked on the Bruttian coast or cruising in the Ionian Sea. But in this quarter Carthage had little to seek and much to fear, although no expression is now discernible of the anxiety with which its leaders must have viewed the steady narrowing of the bounds which the treaty of 509 had opened to the trade of their merchants with Latium, and the expansion of Roman power.

Narrowly selfish and in fact short-sighted as was the commercial policy which made Carthage the only fortified port and concentrated the whole power of the navy on the protection of the metropolis and its communications, there seems to have been a real attachment to the union in other cities and among men of property generally. Proletarian outbreaks, such as once attended a *coup d'état* of mercenaries at Utica, were rare. An artisan had abundant chance for a living, a trader something more. In the hinterland the case was quite different. From 450 onward urban capitalists applied much of the great profits of their trade to the exploitation by slave labor of huge estates, the spoils of Libyan conquest, a bad example afterward followed with like evils of absentee landlordism and land exhaustion by the plutocrats of Rome. Nemesis came in the revolt of the native Libyans at the close of the first war with Rome (241-237). Some at least had appreciated the danger long before. A decree of 367 provided that a fixed proportion of farm-laborers should be free men. This, too, was copied at Rome, where the books of the Carthaginian Mago were the avowed basis of the current treatises

on agriculture and his countrymen long enjoyed the repute of master pioneers in large-scale farming.<sup>14</sup>

Fruit- and grain-growing became, toward the last, the chief source of income of the ruling class at Carthage. This is of cardinal import in the political situation from 203 to the last war with Rome. It was a main cause of the neglect of sea-power, to which shrewd ancient observers attributed the empire's fall. Portentous signs of naval weakness might have been seen in the impunity with which robber-states were suffered to nest at Messina and at Rhegium. Yet more portentous was the appointment by Rome in 267 of four naval quæstors. When Carthage was at last roused in 264 to attempt a policing of the Straits the good end was sought with the treachery characteristic of timid counsels. The pirates of Messina and the political fishers in their troubled waters appealed, as an ingenuous and oppressed minority, to Rome. That state was at last ready to challenge the monopoly of Carthage in the western Mediterranean and to claim for Rome a full place in the commercial sun. So came the first Punic War (264-241).

Pyrrhus had foreseen that Sicily would be the battleground, and the Carthaginians would gladly have kept it so. They thought citizen levies would weary of foreign service before the supply of mercenaries they were prepared to hire would run low. They miscalculated the power of money in war. The Romans were disciplined to sacrifice as they were not. Their commerce suffered acutely from privateers. The looting of Hippo harbor seems to have appealed to contemporary imagination much as Drake's singeing of the Spanish king's beard at Cadiz. The six years from 249 to 243, years of slackness, irresolution and watchful waiting to be attacked, cost Carthage in the end Sicily, its adjacent islands, and Sardinia, with indemnities equivalent to \$5,000,000 weight in silver.

Hamilcar Barca, seeking with the support of the traders and artisans to retrieve the fortunes of the state, undertook to create a real colonial empire in Spain. The Barcidæ believed that Rome could be best resisted by a territorial expansion akin to the Ital-

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<sup>14</sup>Appian: *Civil Wars*, I. 7-10.

ian. The oligarchs might have opposed to this a policy of naval expansion, but their interests were now largely in the Carthaginian hinterland. Besides, they may well have thought the resources of the Carthaginian state unequal to a vigorous prosecution of both naval and colonial development. What neither merchants nor landlords saw was that no Afro-Spanish realm could ever attain the homogeneous strength of the Italian empire, the more as African nomads outside Carthaginian control were already coalescing into groups capable of efficient military action, should they chance to discover some Masinissa.

The Carthage of the Barcas was already a sinking state, where each demagogue had and expected his price. The decline in civil virtue was attended by a corresponding decline in art, industry, and religion. Greek models were more and more imitated, Greek artists preferred; in technic there was arrest or decline; there is a noticeable cheapening in the objects interred with the dead. The navy had proved unequal to its task. Since Agathocles' day the merchant-princes had not been keeping up with the commercial times: their superiority was no longer uncontested anywhere. But the struggle of the Barcas with destiny was superb, however vain. In sixteen years (237-221) they made Spain a self-sufficient military province, rich in treasure and in men. Jealousy of this progress induced Rome at the instance of Massilia to impose a barrier to the commercial expansion of Carthage. It had now become necessary to Rome to precipitate a war, before the Barcas should have consolidated their new power.

The antagonists in the Second Punic War were yet less evenly matched than in the First. Carthage was still financially much stronger than Rome, but relatively weaker in men and much weaker in solidarity of public service. Not more than 16,000 Phœnician youths came to military age annually; the revenues would hardly have sufficed for more than 60,000 mercenaries in army and navy together. If war's wastage in both was over 16,000 a year, as was almost inevitable, Carthage was bleeding to death.<sup>15</sup> But it is in public spirit that the contrast is most significant. The

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<sup>15</sup> The figures are based on very careful estimates by Kahrstedt, pp. 137 f.

classes and masses at Carthage were both led by short-sighted selfish interests in their attitude toward the war, as they had been toward the Spanish policy of the Barcas. The aristocrats were drawing their revenues chiefly from African estates. Spain did not greatly interest them; neither did the fleet. Their insistent demand on the generals was for the protection of their farming interests in Libya. About the war they were sceptical. The possible capture of Saguntum seemed hardly worth the risk of consequent trouble with Rome. The urban artisans and traders, on the other hand, naturally favored colonial expansion, for that promised enlarged protected markets. Moreover, Spain, whose people were culturally well advanced, offered richer promise to trade than Libya with its great estates and nomads. As for the possible war with Rome, they themselves did not expect to serve and thought that others, in any event, would have to pay the bills. But in the navy they were no more interested than were the nobles. It is significant that most of the ships used by the Carthaginians in the coming war were built, equipped and manned in Spain. Even some of the officers were Iberian subjects, a portentous sign of altered times.

Both landlords and traders were deceived in the outcome. A military nation in the ascendant outlasted and overcame a mercantile people who had outlived its power of expansion and trusted to the exploitation of lesser races alike for its wealth and its protection. The blindness of self-seeking partisanship has seldom found more glaring exhibition than in the truce of 203 and in the breaking of it. The Barcas, the intransigent radicals, the artisans, the shipping-men wanted to continue the war. The landlords wanted peace at any price which other people could be made to pay. The peace Rome offered was at the expense of the mercantile class. It did not gravely affect the land-owners. Their possessions were not imperilled by a surrender of the fleet, but they were endangered by a continuation of the war in the Libyan hinterland. They expected to escape in the main the levies for the war indemnity. Their properties were for the most part not administered under money economy and so were not readily accessible to a tax-collector, while the subject Libyans were already taxed to the limit. The new burdens, they



reasoned, would therefore fall chiefly on the merchants, whom the landlords were willing to sacrifice for their own protection. The merchants thought they had nothing to lose and possibly something to gain by breaking the truce. If the landlords suffered, the proletarians of the city, its artisans and traders, could bear this with equanimity. The situation was like that at Athens in 404. No group had any sound reason for further fighting. Defeat and the loss of Spain were inevitable; probably a rebellion of the African serfs was inevitable also; but the intrigues of the city pacifists with the Roman commander added disgrace to the humiliation of the peace.

The resources of Carthage were completely exhausted after Zama. The trouble was not that men or money had been spared, but that, in true mercantile spirit, they had been employed to protect trade interests in Sicily and to recover them in Sardinia, not to destroy the power that threatened both in Italy, where alone a decisive victory could be won and where not to win it meant ultimate defeat, whatever successes were gained elsewhere. The mercantile temperament, which had so often robbed Carthage of the fruits of victory that were well within its grasp, made at last even supreme sacrifice vain.

Peace cost Carthage much of Africa, her navy, a heavy annual tribute and her political importance, but taught her people no political wisdom. Thrift and industry made the city once more a great commercial exchange, wealthy and populous, envied and defenceless, in the judgment of Polybius "richest of all cities". But the old class dissensions and jealousies continued to aggravate a political situation possibly already past cure. The landlords were disposed to concentrate the forces of the state on the development of contiguous territory. The shipping-folk and artisans counted this a betrayal of their interests and hopes. Their leader Hannibal attempted in 195 by a *coup d'état* to transfer the basis of political power from the landlords to the urban masses. What prospect there might have been of reviving or extending trade which had depended on a monopoly now destroyed does not appear, for the aristocrats, in their fright preferring personal security to national independence, invoked the support of Rome. But if Hannibal was forced to flee his partisans

remained, and from that time the landlord aristocracy existed only on sufferance and at cost of repeated and wanton humiliations. In bowing to these, rather than accept the invitation of Hannibal to coöperate with Antiochus, the senate at Carthage proclaimed itself a mere servile appanage of that at Rome. Then, to borrow Thucydides' bitter phrase, their ruin alone could have saved the Carthaginian cities from ruin.

Masinissa, meantime, was changing the Numidians "from nomads to cultivators and to a political people".<sup>16</sup> His encroachments on Carthaginian territory were constant and some Carthaginians at least saw in alliance with the aggressor the last desperate hope of their humiliated state. There were advocates in all parties of a union under that vigorous monarch. It promised greater security to the landlords and to the traders a market among peoples of lower culture, the only kind that under free-trade conditions they could hope to control. The crown of Masinissa's ambition would have been to make Carthage his capital, and he could have done it, by force if not by favor, if Rome had ever been willing to let political fruit ripen outside its own orchards. In weakening Carthage Masinissa had served Rome's designs; she had no intention of letting him serve his own. It did not suit her purposes at that time to have an African province. With Carthage Masinissa's state might have been inconveniently strong. If not two weak rivals let there be one weak state and a wreck. Rome here was only showing the same ruthless egoism that she had shown to Macedon, to the Ætolian League, to the Achæan League, to the Seleucid princes, to the Ptolemies, and was even then showing to Pergamum and to Corinth. The work of destruction proved rather harder and longer than was expected, but it was thorough. Between 150 and 145 about one in three of the population perished. That loss can hardly have been made good for a century. The replacement of wealth wantonly destroyed—the city, warehouses, dockage, harbor works—must have taken longer yet. The site of Carthage beckoned to commerce, but the Romans seem for generations to have felt that a curse would rest on their work

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<sup>16</sup> Strabo, XVII. 3, 15.

there. Augustus at last realized here the designs of Gaius Gracchus and Julius Cæsar, but the Roman city, though perhaps second alone to Alexandria in commerce, continued in no way the traditions of the Phœnician.

The Carthaginian state had the defects of its virtues. Could government "have resolved itself into mere business", in Momm-  
sen's phrase, no people would have solved the problem better for themselves—however inadequately or ill for their subjects and selfishly for those on lower planes of culture—than did the Carthaginians. As carriers of goods they wrought marvels. As carriers of ideas and civilization, if it cannot be said that they failed it is only because they made no attempt to succeed. Their state encouraged officially neither art nor letters. No community has ever shown itself so narrowly self-centred. To the Romans' supreme expression in the ancient world of rock-ribbed solidarity in group-consciousness, the Carthaginians could oppose only a power founded on profits and profiteering, a disintegrating sand. That the sand was gold could not change, it served only to emphasize, the inevitable outcome.

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## EURHYTHMIC

The revival of interest in interpretative or 'æsthetic' dancing has directed attention both to a method and to a subject of instruction that in modern times have been largely neglected. At first merely an attempt to remake the ballet or the solo dance into a more artistic form of expression, the general significance of rhythmic training as a background for musical expression, for bodily welfare, and for efficient and skilful performance in the various tasks of everyday life, is gradually making itself felt as a fundamental principle of education.

Eurhythmic, or instruction in rhythm for the purposes of a general improvement, is properly termed a revival, because, in studying the historic antecedents of this method and aim of education, we find it to have been the guiding principle among the ancient Greeks; an essential factor, indeed, in the educational procedures of all primitive men. As Plato has said, the whole of man's life stands in need of a right rhythm—*eurhythmia*.<sup>1</sup> His statement was intended neither as a metaphor nor as a pious hope, but was a simple expression of fact regarding educational practice as he knew it.

We may turn, then, to Greek education for an understanding of Eurhythmic in order to learn both its scope and its significance; for the view of the ancient Greeks is instructive, not only from the simple lucidity of its logic, but likewise for the intimacy of its contact with unartificial modes of life. Indeed, the universality of Greek thought rests in large measure upon the immediacy with which it engages the impulses of man's original nature. When, therefore, we learn that the essentials of Greek education were 'music' and 'gymnastic', we must free our minds of the restrictive connotation which these terms now have for us, and try to comprehend what they meant to a Greek.

'Music', for instance, refers to the *Muses*, the nine daughters of Zeus, and when we name them and note the different arts and sciences which they designate, we at once realize how much

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<sup>1</sup> *Protagoras*, 336

broader was the ancient connotation than is our own. Thus we find the following classification of the arts, over each of which a goddess presided:—

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|------------------------|-------------|
| 1. Epic poetry .....   | Calliope    |
| 2. History .....       | Clio        |
| 3. Erotic poetry ..... | Erato       |
| 4. Lyric poetry .....  | Euterpe     |
| 5. Tragedy .....       | Melpomene   |
| 6. Eloquence .....     | Polyhymnia  |
| 7. Dancing .....       | Terpsichore |
| 8. Comedy .....        | Thalia      |
| 9. Astronomy .....     | Urania      |

In our modern understanding no fewer than six of these nine fall more or less under the classification of literature, while history, dancing, and astronomy are several and quite diverse arts. How comes it that these nine were attributed to one mother, Mnemosyne, the goddess of memory? Probably because all studies are the children of memory; for by memory we learn, and whatever is favorable to memorization must perforce be methodologically appropriate. Although the method of an education is somewhat hidden in these designations of the Muses, the content of the studies comprised in the list is fairly obvious. At least it embraces linguistic, historical, mimetic, and numerical forms of interpretation. Yet to the Greek no one of these was clear-cut and distinct from the rest. History may be recorded in linguistic, mimetic, or dance forms, which may involve number in the rhythm and proportion both of their expressions and of the ideas which lie behind these expressions. Astronomy was but the art of celestial reference, more allusive than scientific, perhaps, although certain of its aspects were considered in numerical terms. Numbers were likewise found useful in drawing, although drawing had no Muse of its own, nor had painting, nor sculpture, nor architecture, in each of which the Greeks excelled. We see, accordingly, that a mnemonic pattern underlies all the activities of the Muses, whether they be verbal, numerical, or gymnastic.

In the *Politics*, Aristotle tells us that the subject-matter of education consists of (1) reading and writing; (2) gymnastic; (3) music; to which is sometimes added (4) drawing. Of these, reading, writing, and drawing were commonly regarded as

utilitarian, and hence did not share in the higher value which attaches to the cultivation of leisure—for leisure has a baneful effect, if it degenerates into a mere satisfaction of the desire to be pleased. Continuing this subject he writes:—

“Concerning music, a doubt may be raised. In our own day most men cultivate it for the sake of pleasure, but originally it was included in education, because nature herself, as has often been said, requires that we should be able, not only to work well, but to use leisure well; for, as I must repeat once and again, the first principle of all action is leisure. Both are required, but leisure is better than occupation; and therefore the question must be asked in good earnest, What ought we to do when at leisure? Clearly we ought not to be amusing ourselves, for then amusement would be the end of life. But if this is inconceivable, and yet amid serious occupations amusement is needed more than at other times (for he who is hard at work has need of relaxation, and amusement gives relaxation, whereas occupation is always accompanied with exertion and effort), at suitable times we should introduce amusements, and they should be our medicines, for the emotion which they create in the soul is a relaxation, and from the pleasure we obtain rest. Leisure of itself gives pleasure and happiness and enjoyment of life, which are experienced, not by the busy man, but by those who have leisure. For he who is occupied has in view some end which he has not attained; but happiness is an end which all men deem to be accompanied with pleasure, and not with pain. This pleasure, however, is regarded differently by different persons, and varies according to the habit of individuals; the pleasure of the best man is the best, and springs from the noblest sources. It is clear, then, that there are branches of learning and education which we must study with a view to the enjoyment of leisure, and these are to be valued for their own sake; whereas those kinds of knowledge which are useful in business are to be deemed necessary, and exist for the sake of other things. And therefore our fathers admitted music into education, not on the ground either of its necessity or utility, for it is not necessary, nor indeed useful in the same manner as reading and writing, which are useful in money-making, in the management of a household, in the acquisition of knowledge, in political life, nor like drawing, useful for a more correct judgment of the works of artists, nor again like gymnastic, which gives health and strength; for neither of these is to be



gained from music. There remains, then, the use of music for intellectual enjoyment in leisure; which appears to have been the reason of its introduction, this being one of the ways in which it is thought that a freeman should pass his leisure."<sup>2</sup>

But the education of leisure is not exclusively devoted to the arts of the Muses, for Aristotle tells us that—

"with a like view [children] may be taught drawing, not to prevent their making mistakes in their own purchases, or in order that they may not be imposed upon in the buying or selling of articles, but rather because it makes them judges of the beauty of the human form. To be always seeking after the useful does not become free and exalted souls. Now it is clear that in education habit must go before reason, and the body before the mind; and therefore boys should be handed over to the trainer, who creates in them the proper habit of body, and to the wrestling-master, who teaches them their exercises."<sup>3</sup>

Thus a distinction is drawn between the education of the soul and the education of the body—between the search for happiness through leisure, through what we may term an æsthetic attitude toward life, and the search for gain through practical occupation. Yet both these types of education—the practical and the theoretical, the ignoble and the noble—spring alike from a common matrix of human interest and a desire for expression through instinctive forms of behavior. When the end is practical it is less worthy because more highly contingent; yet from these same habits of action which we acquire through circumstance of need, there arise the higher qualities of theoretic reason and of intellectual beauty.

What, then, is the foundation of habit and memory, of bodily skill and graceful expression? In his explanation of the origin of poetry, Aristotle furnishes an answer to this question:—

"As to its general origin, we may say that Poetry has sprung from two causes, each of them a thing inherent in human nature. The first is the habit of imitation; for to imitate is instinctive with mankind; and man is superior to

<sup>2</sup> *Politics*, 8, 3, Jowett's translation.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, 8, 3.

the other animals, for one thing, in that he is the most imitative of creatures, and learns at first by imitation. Secondly, all men take a natural pleasure in the products of imitation—a pleasure to which the facts of experience bear witness; for even when the original objects are repulsive, as the most objectionable of the lower animals, or dead bodies, we still delight to contemplate their forms as represented with the utmost fidelity. [One is reminded of the corpse in Rembrandt's painting, 'The Lesson in Anatomy'.] The explanation of this delight lies in a further characteristic of our species, the appetite for learning; for among human pleasures that of learning is the keenest—not only to the scholarly, but to the rest of mankind as well, no matter how limited their capacity. Accordingly, the reason why men delight in a picture is that in the act of contemplating it they are acquiring knowledge and drawing inferences—as when they exclaim: 'Why, that is so and so!' Consequently, if one does not happen to have seen the original, any pleasure that arises from the picture will be due, not to the imitation as such, but to the execution, or the coloring, or some similar cause.

"To imitate, then, is natural in us as men; just as our sense of musical harmony and our sense of rhythm are natural—and it is to be noted that metre plainly falls under the general head of rhythm. In the beginning, therefore, being possessed of these natural endowments, men originated Poetry, the process of generation coming about by gradual and, in the main, slight advances upon the first naïve improvisations."<sup>4</sup>

From this it appears that poetry as a fine art, like every other human expression, originates in instinct; and Aristotle proceeds to distinguish two types of imitative instinct, to which he adds our sense of musical harmony and our sense of rhythm. Imitation for him is the universal mode of learning, and, although recent psychological study has made a ready acceptance of this view somewhat more difficult than it appears to Aristotle, yet, be it instinct or habit, the concept of imitation, as he understands it, is still valid in describing the general processes of assimilation and response. Whether or not the babe from birth is seized with a desire to model its behavior upon that of others, we may,

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<sup>4</sup> *Aristotle on the Art of Poetry*, translated by Lane Cooper, 1913, pp. 10-11.

therefore, leave aside from our discussion. What concerns us chiefly is the habits of communication and sympathetic rejoinder which characterize human kind; for it is through the generation of communicative response that human beings learn to know one another and to coöperate with one another in work and play.

These primitive modes of behavior achieve universality and become typical in the measure in which they satisfy some common need, the important aspects of which are twofold: first, that the expression be itself natural and not too difficult in performance; and, secondly, that its apprehension be readily received and assimilated by others to whom the communication is addressed. Genetically, we have first to do with expressions which are native in their general pattern or sequence, and which, through the frequent repetition that experience may be relied upon to motivate, will become ingrained as habit. The experience which thus fosters or neglects any native expression, embraces reaction both to the social and to the physical environment; and since, on the whole, the social environment is more varied in its possibilities of selection and rejection, the behavior of the infant is mainly reduced through social influence to certain kinds of action which it is enabled to enjoy. In infancy a faulty utterance or an awkward movement is quickly checked through social rejection or taboo, while the right word and the right act are readily selected under conditions which cause them to be received with pleasure.

But within this general tendency towards uniformity many subtle psychophysical relations are to be found among the movements, sounds, and visualizations that enter into both apprehension and expression. Here we are confronted with Aristotle's secondary instincts or "senses" of harmony and rhythm. In this connection harmony is understood as tonal, though not as harmonic in the modern meaning of the term; for the *harmonai* of the Greeks were melodic sequences, elaborate modes or scales of descending and ascending notes, the intervals of which in their special modal forms were by long usage associated with corresponding thoughts and actions. So Aristotle writes that—

"in rhythms and melodies we have the most realistic imitations of anger and mildness, as well as of courage, temperance, and their opposites"<sup>5</sup>

In their origin, at least, these melodies were vocal and thus accessory to poetry, for—

"when there are no words, [says Plato,] it is very difficult to recognize the meaning of harmony or rhythm, or to see that any worthy object is imitated by them."<sup>6</sup>

Through constant association, however, melody itself achieves an ethical quality, even apart from words; hence the movements of rhythmical sound come to have a close resemblance to the movements of the soul.<sup>7</sup>

It is, then, by rhythm and melody that we achieve the most efficient, the most easily remembered, and the most delightful types of behavior; and not alone does the common meaningfulness of these forms stamp them as universal; but their inner configuration, the melody and rhythm of the very sound and movement, appeal to us as fit and right. Thus we enter into a manner of conduct which is not merely useful but also beautiful, and we may even extend our enjoyment and improve our intellectual leisure by the cultivation of modes of expression which have neither utility nor necessity, either for ourselves or for others.

This æsthetic aspect of education, so pronounced in the Greek emphasis upon music and gymnastic, is to-day a lost art, a lost method of instruction. So engrossed have we become in utilitarian aspects of life that æsthetic formulation is for the most part left to the *dilettante*, with at best a tolerant regard for his imbecilities. Yet the Greeks, closer to nature than we, prized for its intrinsic worth the gem we so lightly discard; for they recognized in it both a means and an end of education, and that the highest of all ends. Rooted in the 'instincts' of imitation, melody, and rhythm, the argument for an æsthetic method of education is thus based upon a propensity for learning

<sup>5</sup> *Politics*, 8, 5; quoted by Butcher: *Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art*, p. 129.

<sup>6</sup> *Laws*, 2, 669, Jowett's trans.

<sup>7</sup> Cf. Butcher, p. 132.

in balanced measures and proportions which makes for an efficiency of behavior, and that delight the contemplation of which furnishes our leisure with the highest gifts of intellectual solace.

The forms of experience that have thus crystallized into tradition take on a lively interest, because, in so far as they are the outcome of native disposition, they can never relinquish that touch of spontaneity which characterizes instinctive desire. It is not alone the *products* of past endeavor and the genius of the race with which the young are made familiar by recourse to the ancient legends, but the useful, beautiful expressions themselves in which the legends are recorded. Being reenacted by each succeeding generation under a tutelage which emphasizes form as an integral part of their content, these traditional expressions satisfy a human craving for the fulfilment of vague desires. Hence it is that Aristotle refers to such amusements as our 'medicines'.

But instruction embraces not only music with its combined words, sounds, and rhythms. Gymnastic or bodily movement is likewise a means and an end to an efficient and joyous existence. "No doubt," writes Plato,—

"a careful training in gymnastic, as well as in music, ought to begin with their childhood, and go on through all their life. But the following is the true view of the case, in my opinion; see what you think of it. My belief is, not that a good body will by its own excellence make the soul good; but, on the contrary, that a good soul will by its excellence render the body as perfect as it can be."<sup>8</sup>

And again:—

"If . . . the accomplished student of music follow this same track in the pursuit of gymnastic, may he not, if he pleases, so far succeed as to be independent of the medical art except in extreme cases?' . . . 'I think he may.'"<sup>9</sup>

Health and efficiency, as well as beauty and goodness, are thus combined in the programme of a musical and gymnastic education; but the combination must be intimate, for each pair is reflected equally in the soul of the individual.

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<sup>8</sup> *Republic*, 3, 403; Davies and Vaughan's translation.      <sup>9</sup> *Ibid.*, 3, 410.

There remain, however, certain practical evils to be guarded against and overcome; for—

“those who have devoted themselves to gymnastic exclusively become ruder than they ought to be; while those who have devoted themselves to music are made softer than is good for them.” . . .<sup>10</sup> “To correct . . . these two exclusive temperaments, the spirited and the philosophic, some god, as I for my part shall maintain, has given to men two arts, music and gymnastic, not for soul and body distinctively, except in a secondary way, but expressly for those two temperaments, in order that by the increase or relaxation of the tension to the due pitch they may be brought into mutual accord.”<sup>11</sup>

The common factor of a just rhythm which underlies bodily movement, on the one hand, and all linguistic, musical, and imaginal expression on the other, is thus the foundation of an educational system embracing all skills and dexterities of performance, and likewise all movements of thought and communicative expression.

Great care, to be sure, must be exercised to select and inculcate the rhythms that constitute the style of virtuous rather than of vicious men; for the evil of false models impressed both Plato and Aristotle as one that must be met with firm measures of restraint. The decadence manifest to both philosophers in the softening influence of an aristocratic luxury caused them to inveigh against professionalism in art, and against the insidious effects of ultra-refinement in the treatment of baser models of rhythm and harmony. Likewise Aristophanes in the *Clouds* causes one of his characters to remark of the earlier restraint exercised by masters upon their pupils that—

“If any of them were to play the buffoon, or turn any quavers like these difficult turns the present artists make after the manner of Phrynis, he used to be thrashed, being beaten by many blows, as banishing the Muses.”<sup>12</sup>

As an example of a conservatism worthy of emulation, Plato, in the *Laws*, refers to the practice of the Egyptians:—

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.*, 3, 412.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, 3, 412.

<sup>12</sup> Hickie's trans., 1853. 1, p. 157.



"And you will find that their works of art are painted or moulded in the same forms which they had ten thousand years ago; this is literally true, and no exaggeration; their ancient paintings and sculpture are not a whit better or worse than the work of to-day, but are made with just the same skill.

"How extraordinary!

"I should rather say how statesmanlike, how worthy of a legislator! I know that other things in Egypt are not so well. But what I am telling you about music is true and deserving of consideration, because showing that a lawgiver may institute melodies which have a natural truth and correctness without any fear of failure."<sup>13</sup>

Precise directions are given by both Plato and Aristotle as to which musical and poetic modes and rhythms should be conserved, and which should be repressed. In general, it is the more ancient and approved forms that are favored; their ancient origin being a sufficient guarantee of their validity. Having fixed upon the best forms of education for life, says Plato,—

"let our decree be as follows. No one in singing or dancing shall offend against public and consecrated models, and the general fashion among the youth, any more than he would offend against any other law."<sup>14</sup>

In extenuation of such a decree we may read in the *Republic* that—

"Good and bad rhythm are, by a process of assimilation, results of a good style and its opposite respectively; and the same may be said of good and bad harmony; that is to say, if rhythm and harmony are to suit themselves to the words, as was asserted just now, and not the words to them."<sup>15</sup>

Similarly, good language, good harmony and grace, and good rhythm, all depend upon a good nature—a sound moral character:—

"And such qualities . . . enter largely into painting and all similar workmanship, into weaving and embroidery, into architecture, as well as the whole manufacture of utensils in general—nay, into the constitution of living bodies, and of

<sup>13</sup> *Laws*, 2, 656.

<sup>15</sup> *Republic*, 3, 400.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.*, 7, 800.

all plants: for in all these things gracefulness or ungracefulness finds place. And the absence of grace, and rhythm, and harmony, is closely allied to an evil style, and an evil character; whereas their presence is allied to, and expressive of, the opposite character, which is brave and sober-minded."<sup>16</sup>

. . . "Is it then, Glaucon, on these accounts that we attach such supreme importance to a musical education, because rhythm and harmony sink most deeply into the recesses of the soul, and take most powerful hold of it, bringing gracefulness in their train, and making a man graceful if he be rightly nurtured, but if not, the reverse? And also because he that has been duly nurtured therein will have the keenest eye for defects, whether in the failures of art, or the misgrowths of nature; and feeling a most just disdain for them, will commend beautiful objects and gladly receive them into his soul, and feed upon them, and grow to be noble and good, whereas he will rightly censure and hate all repulsive objects, even in his childhood, before he is able to be reasoned with; and when reason comes *he* will welcome her most cordially who can recognize her by the instinct of relationship, and because he has been thus nurtured?

"I have no doubt, he said, that such are the reasons for a musical education."<sup>17</sup>

Thus by rhythmic and harmonic forms which have commended themselves to our forebears do we enter into our cultural heritage. But poetry, song, and dance are not merely a means of acquiring information and the ways of worthy action; their formal patterns have also an intrinsic worth lending to the vehicle of knowledge its stylistic grace and efficiency. With regard to the alphabet Plato makes the following illuminating observation:—

"You know, I continued, that in learning to read we were considered tolerably perfect, as soon as we could be sure of recognizing the few letters there are, scattered about in all existing words, and that we never treated them with disrespect in either a small word or a great, as if it did not signify to notice them, but were anxious to distinguish them everywhere, believing that we should be no scholars till we were thus qualified.

"True.

"Is it not also true that we shall not know the *images* of letters, as reflected either in still water or in a mirror, until we

<sup>16</sup>*Ibid.*, 3, 401.

<sup>17</sup>*Ibid.*, 3, 402.

know the letters themselves, because the knowledge of both the reflections and the originals belongs to the same art and study?

"It is perfectly true."<sup>18</sup>

This ability of a child to observe details of form, apart from an associative context, is a matter of no small importance. We see it evinced in the attention children give not only to their letters, but also to the forms and patterns of objects. And, as Plato remarks, the reversal of the image need not confuse them as it is likely to do with an adult, for whom the context has itself become a complex and invariable attendant. As children come, at the age of two or three years, to distinguish objects in pictures, it is of no great moment that the picture be seen right-side up. If the form is recognized at all, it is often distinguished quite as readily bottom-side up, because its relations to other objects in the picture go unobserved—the important thing being the self-contained form, the mass and contour of the object.

"Tell me, then, I pray you, to pass from my illustration to the things illustrated, shall we in like manner never become truly musical, neither ourselves, nor the guardians whom we say we are to instruct, until we know the essential forms of temperance and courage and liberality and munificence, and all that are akin to these, and their opposites also, wherever they are scattered about, and discern them wherever they are to be found, themselves and their images, never slighting them either in small things or in great, but believing the knowledge of the forms and of their images to belong to the same art and study?

"It must inevitably be so.

"Surely, then, to him who has an eye to see, there can be no fairer spectacle than that of a man who combines the possession of moral beauty in his soul with outward beauty of form corresponding and harmonizing with the former, because the same great pattern enters into both."<sup>19</sup>

It will readily be seen from this doctrine that education in music and gymnastic forms the basis of a unified and harmonious life, the final outcome of which is achieved in expressions of character by word of mouth, by tonal harmony, and by appropriate

<sup>18</sup> *Ibid.*, 3, 402.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*, 3, 402.

and rhythmic gesture. It is this combined art that the Greeks termed *choric*; and, as Plato tells us in the *Laws*,—

“choric movements are imitations of manners occurring in various actions, fortunes, dispositions; each particular is imitated, and those to whom the words, or songs, or dances are suited, either by nature or habit or both, cannot help feeling pleasure in them and applauding them, and calling them beautiful.”<sup>30</sup>

In Book VII of the *Laws* Plato summarizes his conception of education in the following words:—

“Education has two branches—one of gymnastic, which is concerned with the body, and the other of music, which is designed for the improvement of the soul. And gymnastic has also two branches—dancing and wrestling; and one sort of dancing imitates musical recitation, and aims at preserving dignity and freedom; the other aims at producing health, agility, and beauty in the limbs and parts of the body, giving the proper flexion and extension to each of them, a harmonious motion being diffused everywhere, and joining a suitable accompaniment to the dance.”<sup>31</sup>

We see that these two branches of education are closely inter-related because of their common element of rhythm. Since rhythmic expression is in the first instance but an efficient mode of imitation, there is always a definite content of meaning as well as a precise form of expression. Thus we learn about things through the appropriate behavior, while enjoying the process in the measure of its rhythmic fitness as a means to an end. Our difficulty in comprehending such an art and method is that for us the expressive forms of speech and writing, music, and drawing, and of dancing and gymnastic, have become in each case a specialized art. Our poets may have but little music in their natures. Our painters may be illiterate. Our musicians may be powerless to express themselves in graceful or effective gesture. As for the gymnast, his sense of rhythm may be most elementary, while in the arts of poetry, music, and drawing he has neither skill nor understanding.

In marked contrast to the moderns, the ancient poets were called *orchestic*, Butcher tells us, “not only because they trained

<sup>30</sup> *Laws*, 2, 655.

<sup>31</sup> *Ibid.*, 7, 795.

their choruses, but also because they taught choral dances outside the theatre to such as wished to learn them".<sup>21</sup> In classical times the poet was both a musician and dancer. "So reputable and so wise a thing was dancing," says Athenæus, "that Pindar calls Apollo dancer."<sup>22</sup>

Not only is this unification of the arts of expression the reason why the Greeks gained the reputation of an artistic people who touched with the hand of genius all they undertook, leaving their varied products as models for all time; it likewise indicates the method of an education that most highly commends itself to our day. Yet, however difficult it may be to retrieve this simple and intuitive guidance of the young in ways of expression most natural to their being, the mode is not less innate to us than it was to the Greeks. Accordingly, in advocating such a doctrine in the teaching of children, we are merely advocating a greater sympathy for and understanding of the unspoiled nature of the child. Instead of imposing upon him methods of drill and study that have been formalized into mechanical tasks set only with reference to those ends which we, his teachers, regard as useful, we should seek to enter spiritually into the life of the child, and come to understand the amusement and the zest of a spontaneous expression. We may then gradually realize that a child's progress in education is more often attained *despite* our clumsy efforts, than *because* of them. The very fact that the plan of education is usually laid with reference to the child's future tends to lessen its validity; for with so scant a knowledge of the practices of adult life, how can he be expected to enter into a scheme of instruction devised with the aid of a reasoning that is quite beyond him? Without a special regard for the intrinsic nature of the child, any method of education must inevitably be false and wooden—mechanical in form and lacking in natural appeal.

It was not the Greeks who knew too much: it is we ourselves; for, with them, erudition yielded to intuition, and while Plato and Aristotle commend the old forms of instruction and decry the new, they do so in the faith that the older forms possess the

<sup>21</sup> *Op. cit.*, p. 139.

<sup>22</sup> *Athen.*, I, 40.

tried merits which accrue in a natural evolution. Ancient modes of expression are valid means of engaging the child's participative interest, because they make a constant appeal to his instinctive desires. Thus enjoyment is constantly present, while the training which ensues is still flexible enough to enrich his experience and to widen his horizon.

Although the choric art, of we have been speaking, lived on into the Roman period, it gradually lost its significance as a method of education, retaining only its place in the art of the drama, and in the pantomime. Lucian, in his dialogue, *Of Pantomime*, thus defends the art in an age when specialization was already well advanced:—

"Other entertainments of eye or ear are but manifestations of a single art; 't is flute or lyre or song; 't is moving tragedy or laughable comedy. The pantomime is all-embracing in the variety of his equipment: flute and pipe, beating foot and clashing cymbal, melodious recitative, choral harmony. Other arts call out only one half of man's powers—the bodily or the mental: the pantomime combines the two. His performance is as much an intellectual as a physical exercise: there is meaning in his movements; every gesture has its significance; and therein lies his chief excellence."<sup>24</sup>

Lucian realized, however, the educative value of this combined artistic expression, for he remarks that—

"the enlightened Lesbonax of Mytilene called pantomimes 'manual philosophers', and used to frequent the theatre, in the conviction that he came out of it a better man than when he went in."<sup>25</sup> [Also that] "all professions hold out some object, either of utility or of pleasure. Pantomime is the only one that secures both these objects; now the utility that is combined with pleasure is doubled in value."<sup>26</sup>

"Consider, then, the universality of this art: it sharpens the wits, it exercises the body, it delights the spectator, it instructs him in the history of bygone days, while eye and ear are held beneath the spell of flute and cymbal and of graceful dance. Would you revel in sweet song? Nowhere can you procure the enjoyment in greater variety and perfection. Would you listen to clear melody of flute and

<sup>24</sup> Lucian: *Dialogues*, Fowler's translation, 2, 68.

<sup>25</sup> *Ibid.*, 2, 69.

<sup>26</sup> *Ibid.*, 2, 71.



pipe? Again the pantomime supplies you. I say nothing of the excellent moral influence of public opinion, as exercised in the theatre, where you will find the evil-doer greeted with execration, and his victim with sympathetic tears. The pantomime's most admirable quality I have yet to mention—his combination of strength and suppleness of limb; it is as if brawny Hercules and soft Aphrodite were presented to us in one and the same person."<sup>27</sup>

But although Lucian can praise the excellence of the pantomimic art, and will defend its exhibition in the theatre, it is evident that the notion of a choric education is not in his mind, but only the professional equipment of a valued entertainer. Although the educative influence of rhythm may still be exerted in the theatre by capable performers, it is no longer a method to be practised generally with children.

A conception of this art still survived in the late Renaissance, as may be seen in Sir John Davies's poem *Orchestra* (1596), from which the following stanzas are quoted:—

"These arts of speach, the guids and marshals are;  
But Logick leadeth Reason in a daunce:  
(Reason the cynosure and bright load-star,  
In this World's sea t' auoid the rock of Chaunce.)  
For with close following and continuance  
One reason doth another so ensue,  
As in conclusion still the daunce is true.

"So Musicke to her owne sweet tunes doth trip  
With tricks of 3, 5, 8, 15, and more;  
So doth the Art of Numbering seeme to skip  
From eu'n to odd in her proportion'd score:  
So doe those skills, whose quick eyes doe explore  
The iust dimension both of Earth and Heau'n,  
In all their rules obserue a measure eu'n.

"Loe this is Dauncing's true nobilitie,  
Dauncing, the child of Musicke and of Loue;  
Dauncing it selfe, both Loue and harmony,  
Where all agree, and all in order moue,  
Dauncing, the Art that all Arts doe approue;  
The faire character of the World's consent,  
The Heau'ns true figure and th' Earth's ornament!"<sup>28</sup>

It remained, however, for a present-day teacher of music to retrieve the method, and re-introduce it as an appropriate scheme of education. This man is Émile Jaques-Dalcroze, a Swiss mu-

<sup>27</sup> *Ibid.*, 2, 72.

<sup>28</sup> Stanzas 94-96.

sician who, in his teaching of harmony at the Geneva Conservatory of Music, realized first how poorly equipped were his pupils in the simplest modes of rhythmical expression, and then attempted to correct this deficiency by the introduction of "gesture-songs" which he composed for the purpose. From a small beginning in the eighteen-nineties, Dalcroze proceeded until he has at length achieved a systematic method of rhythmic-gymnastic, linked with music, and issuing in a capacity for improvisation, both musical and gestural, which promises a significant enlargement in the scope of musical art. Recognizing that the tonal art is secondary to movement, since in rhythmic motion we have a more original expression, he has set about training his pupils in a variety of rhythmic forms in which the body, legs, and arms all participate to the accompaniment of music that lends diversity and emphasis to the whole. Since the development of harmony following upon the epoch-making compositions of Beethoven, no corresponding development of rhythm has taken place. Instead, it is but the simplest of rhythmic patterns in which harmonies of tone are still set. To supply this deficiency by enlarging the musical art, and also to improve the condition of physical education by enriching its supply of musical and rhythmic patterns,—these have been the objects of Dalcroze's innovations.

Perhaps his most striking achievement is the development of a sense for continuity in rhythmic behavior; for, although all movement tends to be rhythmic, it is so only in jerky and spasmodic periods. Dalcroze's discovery of this defect in modern choreography is described by him as follows:—

"It was at a performance of Debussy's moving *Après midi d'une Faune* a few years ago. A procession of nymphs slowly moved on to the stage, pausing every eight or twelve steps to show the admiring spectators beautiful attitudes copied from Greek vases. But continuing their walk in the last attitude assumed, they attacked the next attitude—at a moment of the fresh pause in walking—without any *preparatory movement*, thus giving a jagged impression that would be given in the cinema by a series of movements in which essential films had been suppressed. Then I understood that what shocked one was the lack of connec-

tion, of sequence in the attitudes, the absence of that *continued* movement which should be noticeable in every expression of life animated by a continued thought. The exquisite attitudes of the Greek nymphs followed each other without being connected by an activity of a really human nature."<sup>29</sup>

By supplying continuity of movement both beauty and efficiency are greatly enhanced; for, although behavior is always periodic—whether it be that of the smooth muscles or of the striped, whether of heart and vaso-motor systems, digestive and laryngeal systems, or overt responses of the limbs, head, and trunk—efficiency of skill and grace consists in the even articulation of those varied responses into an effective combination of continuous and unimpaired motion. As Dalcroze has written with regard to his own method of instruction:—

"Unsteady time when singing or playing, confusion in playing, inability to follow when accompanying, accentuating too roughly or with lack of precision, all these faults have their origin in the child's muscular and nervous control, in lack of coördination between the mind which conceives, the brain which orders, the nerve which transmits, and the muscle which executes."<sup>30</sup> . . . The object of the method is, in the first instance, to create by the help of rhythm a rapid and regular current of communication between brain and body; and what differentiates my physical exercises from those of present-day methods of muscular development is that each of them is conceived in the form which can most quickly establish in the brain the image of the movement studied."<sup>31</sup>

In realizing his aims the whole psychophysical organism is constantly employed; hence muscular experience in rhythmical patterns is taught in connection with visual, auditory, and imaginal accompaniment. In order both to realize the possibilities of movement to the fullest extent, and also to provide a ready means of transition from one rhythm to another, the measures are expanded to include those of five, seven, nine, and eleven beats, as well as the more usual measures of two, four, six, eight, and twelve.

<sup>29</sup> *The Eurythmics of Jaques-Dalcroze*, 1917, p. 24.

<sup>30</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 15.

<sup>31</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 16.

But the complication of rhythms does not cease here. A "plastic counterpoint" is likewise taught, in which the two arms, the feet, and the body are trained to perform independent rhythms over against one another. In this the basic time is usually beaten by movements of the arms, while feet and body express time-values or the duration of notes. Thus one step, or spatial progression, is allowed for each note in the musical accompaniment, but at the same time the value of this note is analyzed and expressed by a variety of movements, such as knee-bends and bodily gestures, without progression. In the more complicated patterns the pupil is instructed to beat two different times simultaneously with the two arms, such as  $\frac{3}{4}$  and  $\frac{4}{4}$ , while the feet execute a progressive movement five steps to the measure.

Such an interplay of different rhythms coördinated in a single period of time is indicative of a high degree of bodily control. The ease of transition from one activity to another likewise facilitates the command which an individual can exercise over his body in the multifarious responses of life. In cultivating such a control, grace and poise are linked with efficiency; and the true balance of a precise rhythm, capable of easy transition into other rhythms of response without lost motion, is the secret of all skilful performance.

That the Greeks knew and employed these methods of diverse rhythm is at least suggested by Plato's reference to Damon, whom he proposes to call upon for counsel as to the question "which kinds of rhythm express which kinds of life". Although professing to be himself no authority on the subject, Plato continues as follows:—

"I fancy that I have heard him indistinctly alluding to a certain complex warlike rhythm, and another that was dactylic, and a third heroic,—arranging them I know not how, and showing that the rise and fall of each foot balance one another, by resolving them into short and long syllables; and he gave the name *iambus* to a certain foot, if I am not wrong, and *trochee* to another, affixing to them long and short marks. And in some of these, I think, he would blame or praise the march of the foot no less than the rhythm, or perhaps the two taken together."<sup>21</sup>

<sup>21</sup> *Republic*, 3, 400.

In the Dalcroze system of Eurhythmics, the vocal and verbal elements are apparently neglected, nor are the rhythmic patterns themselves so directly imitative "of the style of the virtuous man" as Plato asserts they should be. This is, of course, a result of modern specialization and of the remoteness of the art of conduct from its original prototype, instinctive behavior. Difficult as it would be to recover the simplicity of life and naïveté of attitude so readily assumed by the Greeks, an eurhythmic method of education is still possible and desirable; one that would embrace not only bodily gesture set to music, but vocalizations in speech and song, and likewise all the varied arts of construction,—drawing, painting, modelling, sewing, weaving, and manual training. Indeed, the failure of these latter subjects to prove educative, in the general sense intended by their introduction in kindergarten and primary grades, is chiefly owing to the detached character of the several activities, and to the lack of emphasis upon suitable rhythms in their performance, the rhythmic aspect of both verbal and graphic arts being too often underestimated or entirely neglected. Yet style in speech, as well as style in movement of the body, has its origin in felt rhythms that control and regulate vocal utterance. Similarly, handwriting, drawing, painting, and all forms of manual dexterity, involve a manifold of rhythms, the perfect articulation and continuity of which proclaim the technical efficiency of the expert. Even the related forms of proportion and symmetry, as they are expressed in picture and statue, are not lacking in rhythmical aspects; for, although the design of a picture be fixed and unchanging, its appeal is made to an understanding that is essentially dynamic. The eye roves over the surface of the canvas, and the attention is engaged by a succession of ocular movements to which the body responds with imitative demeanor, and an emotional accompaniment involving both organic and muscular adjustments. No moment of life is ever static, and it is even doubtful if symmetry and proportion have any other origin than that of rhythmical adjustments appropriate to their apprehension.

Thus Eurhythmic is a fundamental law of thought and perception, of impression and response,—whatever be the materials, and however they are presented to the mind. In advocating

the eurhythmic method we are but directing attention to an underlying mode of life which is always operative and essential. Teachers are not called upon to implant a new form of thought and behavior, but only to direct and elaborate one that is already present. Above all, it is their function to assist in providing means of ready transition between diverse and at times simultaneous occupations, to the end that these activities may become at once efficient in accomplishment and enjoyable in experience; for economy of movement, whether in the perception of a fixed object or in its actual manipulation, is but a result of a rhythmical ability that conforms to the needs of occasion. This conformity of means to ends develops a certain pleasure and exhilaration of spirit more satisfying, perhaps, than any other good that life can afford.

Such a pleasure and such an efficiency can never be had from a stereotyped response, because in its very nature habit is unintelligent and unaffecting. Only in those moments of life that touch our primal nature, and that arouse our desires and whet our appetites, are we truly alive and intelligently receptive. Yet the participation of emotion is not of itself an unmixed good, for sheer emotion is chaotic, and its ultimate effect is exhaustion or even death. Through the balanced and well-ordered expressions of instinctive nature, however, we may be roused from lethargy to a vivid participation, in which the emotion attending all our desires and deeper needs finds appropriate expression in a well-balanced and a well-proportioned rhythmical response. Continuity of expression without let or hindrance characterizes our best and most intelligent work; for it is then that we find the appropriate means to our ends as each new aspect of the ever-changing scene develops under our eyes. We are so fashioned that in these moments we most truly live; for being vitally concerned in all that occurs, and possessing the adequate instrument of a trained body, we are able to realize through our expressions the enjoyment of life.

The cultivation of a good style is, therefore, the basis of all education, and it is precisely in the years of childhood, before behavior has been too far spoiled by habit, that style is most amenable to training. The faulty style that characterizes



most of our conduct is chiefly a result of specialization begun too early. Led by our teachers into mechanical habits that are a product of adult rationalization, we fail to follow the natural evolution of our instinctive modes of behavior. If, then, we study the native bent of the child and guide his expression in a continuous rhythm without artificial restrictions, we shall be laying a permanent foundation for his career, by affording him a general discipline of mind and body which escapes the critical strictures of the modern iconoclast. For the method is both 'behavioristic' and 'specific' enough to meet the demands of the extreme realist, while the rhythmical forms cultivated are generally applicable to every mode of expression, whatever its purport. In reading, in writing, in spelling, in numbering, in the most varied compositions, in gymnastic, and in manual construction—in all these, rhythms are constantly present and constantly requisite. All that is needed to give them a general and disciplinary importance of the highest 'transfer-value' is to pay some attention to the configurations of thought and action, and to train the pupil to make an easy transition from one occupation which involves one rhythm to others involving different rhythms.

Complete though the programme may be, it is not easy of fulfilment; for, in order to instruct in the use of rhythms one must oneself be rhythmical; in order to imitate the virtuous, the pupil must be encouraged to recognize models of virtue. In his system of rhythmic gymnastics, Dalcroze divides his method into three parts: rhythmic movement, ear-training, and improvisation. The last is not required of all pupils, but is, he tells us, indispensable to the teacher. A significant point! for it is indispensable that all teachers of the young should be able to improvise, not alone in music, as Dalcroze counsels, but in every other art of expression. Ability of improvisation in this broader sense means a certain freshness and initiative in the practice of new forms of behavior in meeting new situations; for to improvise is not merely to ring the changes on a few hackneyed forms, but to be alive to changing conditions, to be discerning and resourceful, to know, and to be able to realize, the most varied modes of response, by word, by gesture, and by concrete performance.

The ideal teacher is, therefore, both a model and a source of information; in action and in precept he is perfect. As Lucian says of his dancer:—

“The fact is, the pantomime must be completely armed at every point. His work must be one harmonious whole, perfect in balance and proportion, self-consistent, proof against the most minute criticism; there must be no flaws, everything must be of the best; brilliant conceptions, profound learning—above all, human sympathy. When every one of the spectators identifies himself with the scene enacted, when each sees in the performance as in a mirror the reflection of his own conduct and feelings, then, and not till then, is his success complete. But let him reach that point, and the enthusiasm of the spectators becomes uncontrollable, every man pouring out his whole soul in admiration of the portraiture that reveals him to himself. Such a spectacle is no less than a fulfillment of the oracular injunction, ‘Know Thyself’. Men depart from it with increased knowledge; they have learnt something that is to be sought after, something that should be eschewed.”<sup>33</sup>

If this ideal is not easy of attainment, greater understanding and sympathy may yet improve both the method and the attitude of teachers; for if the argument be sound, that learning is essentially a rhythmical process, should we not endeavor to make it eurhythmic as well? It is often said, and few will doubt, that the true teacher is an artist; and, if an art cannot be taught, training in the art of teaching is futile. But if rhythm is a fundamental law of intelligent behavior, then all of us are potentially artists, and the measure of our varied achievements is at once the measure of our artistic ability. Just as M. Dalcroze has been successful in developing the rhythmic possibilities of the child's expression to a much higher degree than has hitherto been done in modern times, so he has developed a method adaptable to a similar occasion by other teachers. And even though the best of teachers are those who have cultivated their rhythmic sense since childhood, and have retained that eager impressibility which appreciatively discerns the form as well as the content of a study, yet we may also hope to do something for those whose fortune

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<sup>33</sup> Lucian, *op. cit.*, 2, 81.

or talent has been less, and at least to bring them to a realization of the enjoyment of expression, imperfect though that enjoyment may be.

In course of time, as we improved our stock of pupils through more adequate methods of early instruction, we should also increase the number of artists whose special genius it is to instruct the young of future generations. *Ars longa, vita brevis*. Let this not discourage us, however, for at its best life is complex and tentative, and its greatest achievements are but episodic. We need not expect by any sudden innovation to displace the awkward, graceless inefficiency which marks most of our efforts, and to substitute therefor the beautiful style of a continuous and perfect rhythm. But some improvement is always possible, and brings in its wake greater enjoyment coupled with greater efficiency. Is this not the thing most to be desired, the thing at which education is continually aiming?

The principle upon which Eurhythmic rests is neither the fraudulent, though sometimes pious, assertion that "nature is always right", nor yet the inelastic and opposite statement that nature is always wrong; but it is the very sensible and cogent principle that nature regulates the course of life and behavior, and that the fitness of environment and the fitness of organism work out their mutual adjustments in orderly and rhythmical patterns. Hence it follows that the greater the degree of orderliness, the greater will be the efficiency of adjustment. Less lost motion, more enjoyment: this is the simple and practicable precept of an æsthetic method of education.

ROBERT MORRIS OGDEN.

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## NIGHT

Another day has ended and again  
The fading emeralds of the quiet west  
Grow dusky o'er the hill-top and the plain,  
Dying along each drowsy vale and crest,  
Where Earth lifts up her bosom to the breast  
Of Night oncoming. Now once more she brings  
To the least folded flow'r her primal rest,  
Opens the mantle of her darkenings  
And sprinkles the white dew from both her starry wings.

The moth and beetle, owl and flittermouse—  
All creatures that do call the moon their sun—  
Steal silent forth, each from his little house.  
They mount and fly, and others creep and run,  
Where fox and hare and brock have all begun  
The task of living. Now alert, awake,  
They seek their joy and substance; every one  
Pads out into the dingle, heath and brake;  
While hungry fishes stir the silver of the lake.

For servants of the day another boon  
Brings Night, and as the working hours decrease,  
Lifts up her evening star and sickle moon  
To disenthral, unfetter and release;  
Bidding the long-drawn tale of labour cease.  
She comes with twilight healing for each smart  
Of soul and body, lays her unguent peace  
With fingers cool on every aching part;  
Anoints the tired flesh, soothes the dayfounded heart.

She asks no worship from our drooping eyes;  
She needs no prayer to minister our plight;  
Hers not our little deeds and destinies,  
But still to smooth the pillow, lower the light;  
Play nurse for every world-awearry wight;  
Comfort and succour; at a touch redeem;  
And pour her ancient anodyne of might:  
Omnipotent sleep, inviolate, supreme,  
Insensible as death, without one sigh or dream.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Torquay, England.

## THE EARLY IRISH FAIRIES AND FAIRYLAND

Ireland is the country of Fairies. The reason for this is not mere popular superstition, but because in the Gaelic literature which is the inheritance of the Irish race Fairies and Fairyland play an important part. The farmer who sits beside his turf fire telling stories of the little people inherits his imaginings from his ancestors, although his words are usually but a pale reflection of the splendors of the past. In Ireland the Fairies have never been forgotten: Brian Merriman, the last Gaelic poet of prominence, speaks of them as the treasure of his country in time of trouble, and Patrick MacGill, the Donegal poet, expressed the same idea when, amid the terrors of the battlefield, he wrote:—

“If we forget the Fairies,  
And tread upon their rings,  
God will perchance forget us,  
And think of other things.

“When we forget you, Fairies,  
Who guard our spirits' light:  
God will forget the morrow,  
And Day forget the Night.”<sup>1</sup>

Fully to understand the Irish temperament, therefore, it is necessary to know Ireland's Fairy lore. Since the Fairies are mentioned first and most frequently in the literature written in the Irish language of centuries ago, we must turn for information to the great mass of poems and stories from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. Through these old texts, generally printed in learned periodicals only, we gain an idea of the early Irish conception of Fairies—where, supposedly, the Fairies came from, what were their attributes, and how they differed from human beings.

To the modern reader, the words “Irish Fairy” undoubtedly call to mind a description such as that given by a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*:—

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<sup>1</sup> Patrick MacGill: *Soldier Songs*, p. 88. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York, 1917.

"It was a little thing, sure, no bigger than a thimble. It had a red cap on it and two golden shoes with curly toes. It had on a coat, too, as green as an apple, and its little breeks were as blue as Granny's eyes."<sup>2</sup>

To an Irishman of the thirteenth century the little man would not seem a Fairy at all, unless Fairy kinship were suggested by the color of the coat.

The Fairies of ancient Ireland belonged to a race known as Tuatha De Danaan, People of the God whose Mother was Dana, and they were of the size of mortals, or even larger. The Tuatha De Danaan came to Ireland, legend says, from "the northern isles of the world, where they had been learning lore and magic and druidism and wizardry and cunning until they surpassed the sages of the arts of heathendom."<sup>3</sup> They first conquered the people who inhabited Erin, and later were victorious over a mighty race of pirates. The struggle between the De Danaans and the pirates has been interpreted by modern commentators as symbolizing the conflict between the gods of light and those of darkness, for the Tuatha De Danaan, in spite of being treated by early writers as though they were human beings, show traces of divine power; indeed, the gods of the ancient Irish seem to be confused with these invaders from the north. When the De Danaans landed they burned their ships, "so that from this", the story says, "it was thought they had come in clouds of mist". They brought with them from their former home four treasures of magic virtue. The first of these was the Stone of Fal, which "was wont to roar under every king who was taking the kingship in Ireland". This stone is said to have been taken to Scotland, whence, as the Stone of Scone, it was carried to England by Edward I, and now forms the seat of the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey. The other De Danaan treasures were a spear which never lost a battle, an irresistible sword, and the Dagda's Cauldron, from which no company ever went unthankful. The Dagda himself was more than human; he had for

<sup>2</sup> Cornelia Throop Geer: *Pearls Before Swine*. *Atlantic Monthly*, Vol. CXX, p. 507 (October, 1917).

<sup>3</sup> This, and the other quotations in this paragraph, occur in *The Second Battle of Moytura*. *Revue Celtique*, Vol. XII, pp. 57, 59.



his cauldron a ladle large enough to hold two people, and he carried a club that required eight men for its lifting. Lugh, another of the De Danaan champions, also possessed attributes of a god; he was evidently an Irish counterpart of Apollo, for he had surpassing skill in all the arts and sciences: he was cup-bearer, leech, harper, poet and historian. With the De Danaans were associated in the Gaelic tales the god of the sea, Manannan MacLir (who has given his name to the Isle of Man) and the Morrighu, the war goddess. Evidently the Tuatha De Danaan were a border race, gods who had not quite become men.

As the De Danaans overthrew the people they found in possession of Ireland, so were they overcome in turn by the Milesians, a mythical race said to be the ancestors of modern Irishmen. It is fitting that the stately De Danaans should have been unwilling to settle in part of the island only and to remain subordinate to their conquerors; they retired into the green hills, whence they came often to mingle in the daily life of the Irish. From the hills, or barrows, where they were supposed to dwell, the De Danaans acquired a new name, People of the Fairy Mound, or *Aes Side* (*Ace Shithe*, or *Shee*); a name now shortened through a change wherein people come to be called after their dwelling-place, to the familiar word *Shee*. As clouds are shot through with lightning, so is early Irish literature with accounts of the invaders who became the Fairy folk: there are descriptions of their appearance, of the splendor of their Fairyland, and of their deeds. Influenced by the growth of practical knowledge and the advance of science, Irishmen, like other people, have lost much of their sense of wonder; but the Fairies of their ancient tales were too real to be entirely forgotten; they have dwindled to the little people; the superhuman champion has become the little man with the green coat, and the journeying of the Fairy folk on a warlike adventure is now the passing of a gust of wind down a lonely road.

Since the Fairies had some of the magic powers of gods, they were imagined also as having a godlike appearance, the fair brightness usually associated with divinities. They had the yellow hair and blue eyes admired by the ancient Irish, and

they usually dressed with elegance; part of their costume was always green, color of rebirth, symbol of hope and of immortality. Green was so closely identified with the Tuatha De Danaan that early writers frequently neglected to mention directly that a man or woman was of the Fairy folk; they said merely that he or she was dressed in green. There is an impressive use of this convention in the Irish epic, *The Cattle Raid of Cooley*. One of the warriors of Queen Maeve's invading army has been slain by Cuchulain, the champion defending Ulster, and the episode is brought to a simple, suggestive, and dramatic close by the words:—

"The entire army keens Fraech. They see a company of women in green tunics above the body of Fraech, son of Idaid. They drag it after them into the fairy mound, the Fairy Mound of Fraech, the name of the mound thereafter."<sup>4</sup>

The Fairies came often to take part in the affairs of mankind, and the ancient writers describe them as dressed in the costume worn in primitive Ireland: men appear in the unpleated kilt, with a short cloak thrown over their shoulders, and wearing sandals; women have smocks or tunics and, generally, mantles reaching to their ankles. That the Irish were fond of bright colors and precious metals is shown by this description of a man of the Fairy folk, a *fer side*:—

"Green, long, and flowing was the cloak that was about him; his shirt was embroidered with embroidery of red gold, and a great brooch of gold in his cloak reached to his shoulder on either side. Upon the back of that man was a silver shield with a golden rim; the handle of the shield was silver, and a golden boss was in the midst of the shield: he held in his hand a five-pointed spear with rings of gold about it from the haft to the head. The hair that was above his forehead was yellow and fair; and upon his brow was a circlet of gold, which confined the hair so that it fell not about his face."<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>4</sup> My own translation of Strachan: *Stories from the Táin*, p. 33. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Company, 1908.

<sup>5</sup> A. H. Leahy: *Heroic Romances of Ireland*, Vol. I, p. 8. London: David Nutt, 1905.

The following portrayal of the maiden, Etain, which is the classic description of a Fairy woman, contains elements that are later conventionalized, but is nowhere else repeated with such wealth of detail. The Irish sympathy with nature makes the author compare Etain's complexion to flowers and the sea; love of brilliant color is revealed in the red mantle; and the green smock fixes the maiden's Fairy heritage. She is the heroine of one of the most beautiful of Gaelic stories:—

“And she had a very bright comb of silver ornamented with gold, she bathing in a silver vessel, and four birds of gold thereupon, and as bright as a little gem, a carbuncle, the rim of that vessel. A waving red mantle about her, a fair cloak with a cord of silver and a golden brooch in that mantle over her breast. A long hooded smock about her; this hard, smooth, of green silk with gold threads and marvellous clasps on it, of gold and silver upon her breasts in that smock; namely, so that to men the shining of the gold in that green silk was apparent in the sun. Then her hair was golden yellow on her head and a braid with four strands in each plait and upon each lock a globe of gold. Then that maiden was letting down her hair to bathe, and her two hands out through the armholes of her smock; and was as white as the snowfall of one night each of her two hands, and were as red as the foxglove of the mountain her two cheeks. The teeth in her head shone like pearl. Each of her two eyes was as blue as the hyacinth. She had red slender lips. Very high, smooth, and white, her two shoulders. Her lower arms soft, smooth, and white; her fingers long, very white; her fair nails pinkish . . . as white as snow or the foam of a wave was her side, slender, long, silken. Her feet slender, white as a wave. Even were her two eyes, harmoniously fair; her two eyebrows the shining blue-black of the beetle about her eyes. She is then a maiden more perfect and fairer than any the eyes of men have seen before, and was like to them as it were from the Fairies she was.”<sup>6</sup>

How different is this mediæval conception of the *ban shee*, Fairy woman, from the modern! The banshee of to-day is the invisible woman whose wailing cry is heard as an omen of death. The difference between ancient and modern Irish Fairies is epitomized by the change of meaning in the words *ban shee*.

<sup>6</sup> My own translation of Windisch: *Irishche Texte*, I, pp. 119, 120.

In common with other Fairies, those of Ireland had the power of rendering themselves invisible; this they usually did with a device appropriate for dwellers in the rainiest of countries—by enveloping themselves in mist. They also possessed the familiar Fairy gift of transformation: the hero, Lugh, at one time assumed the form of a bird; a Fairy girl changed herself into a fawn to lead the warrior, Finn, to her barrow; the war goddess generally became a crow to fly or perch above the battlefield. Once she threatened by her transformations to bring confusion upon Cuchulain when he should be sore pressed:—

“I will be an eel, and I will draw a noose about thy feet. . . . I will in truth be a grey wolf against thee.”<sup>7</sup>

The most beautiful story of this type tells of Angus Og, who seems to have been an Irish god of youth and love. Enamored of a maiden, Caer, he goes to seek her at her father's palace, where he is told that she is on Loch Bel Draccon under enchantment in the form of a swan:—

“‘She will be in the shape of a bird next summer at Loch Bel Draccon, and beautiful birds will be with her, and there will be 150 swans around her, and I have a feast with them.’

“Mac Og went to Loch Bel Draccon, when he saw the 150 white birds at the loch with their silvery chains and golden caps around their heads. Angus was in human shape at the border of the loch. He called the maiden to him. ‘Come to speak to me, O Caer!’

“‘Who calls me?’ said Caer.

“‘Angus calls thee.’

“‘I will come,’ she said.

“He put his two hands on her. . . . They went from there in the shape of two birds until they were at the Brugh of the Mic ind Oic, and they made a concert so that the people fell asleep for three days and three nights.”<sup>8</sup>

One of these stories of shape-transference combines an element of history with pure imagination, in that its hero is the youth who later became the High King of Ireland known as Niall of

<sup>7</sup> *Heroic Romances*, Vol. II, p. 136.

<sup>8</sup> *Revue Celtique*, Vol. III, p. 349.

the Nine Hostages. During the reign of Niall, the Irish made the foray upon the west coast of Britain in which they carried off the boy who was later to become the great apostle, Saint Patrick. Perhaps the source of Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's Tale* is to be found in this Gaelic text, for the changing of an ugly to a beautiful woman through the love of a young man is also familiar in English literature. The symbolism of the story points to conscious literary effort.

Niall and his four brothers are seeking water and come upon a hag guarding a well.

"This was the hag: every joint and limb of her, from the top of her head to the earth, was as black as coal. Like the tail of a wild horse was the grey bristly mane that came through the upper part of her head crown. . . . Dark smoky eyes she had, a nose crooked and hollow. Loathsome, in sooth, was the hag's appearance.

"Art thou guarding the well?" asks the lad [Fergus].

"Dost thou permit me to take away some of the water?" says the lad.

"I will permit," she answers, 'provided there come from thee one kiss on my cheek.'

"Nay," says he.

[The four brothers go in turn to the hag and refuse to kiss her. Niall follows them.]

"Water to me, O woman," says Niall.

"I will give it," she answers, 'but give me a kiss.'

"He gives her a kiss. But then, when he looked at her, there was not in the world a damsel whose gait or appearance was more lovable than hers. Like the end of snow in trenches was every bit of her from head to sole. Plump and queenly forearms she had, fingers long and lengthy, calves straight and beautifully colored. Two blunt shoes of white bronze between her little soft white feet and the ground. A costly full purple mantle she wore, with a brooch of bright silver in the clothing of the mantle. Shining pearly teeth she had, an eye large and queenly, and lips red as rowan-berries.

"That is many-shaped, O lady," says the boy.

"True," quoth she.

"Who art thou?"

"I am the Sovranty," she answered; and then she said:

"O King of Tara, I am the Sovranty:  
I will tell thee its great goodness," [etc.]<sup>9</sup>

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<sup>9</sup> *Revue Celtique*, Vol. XXIV, pp. 197, 199, 201.

Although Irishmen of the past loved fighting and were outdoor men, like their descendants to-day, they cherished things of the spirit. It is only natural that what they admired should be reflected in the ideal beings of their imagination, the Fairies. Music was a part of every Irish gathering; so that it is not surprising to find music in its perfection an accomplishment of the Fairy folk; the music of the *Shée*, indeed, has become proverbial. Strains of melody frequently foreshadowed the appearance of the Fairies, even before they themselves were visible. A Fairy also frequently carried in his hand a branch with blossoms from one of the magic trees of Fairyland; when the branch was shaken the blossoms sounded wonderful harmonies. To King Cormac there came once a man of the Tuatha De Danaan bearing—

“A branch of silver with three golden apples on his shoulder. Delight and amusement enough it was to listen to the music made by the branch, for men sore wounded . . . or folk in sickness, would fall asleep at the melody which was made when that branch was shaken.”<sup>10</sup>

The man of the *Shée* gave the musical branch to Cormac. Later, when the king's son was taken from the palace by Fairy means,—

“Weeping and sorrow ceased not after the boy, and on that night no one therein [the palace] ate and slept, and they were in grief and in exceeding gloom. But Cormac shook the branch at them, and they parted from their sorrow.”<sup>11</sup>

The most complete revelation of the honor which the early Irish accorded to music is in a passage from a comparatively late story of the heroic days, one which has been worked over by a Christian hand. Incidentally, this brief picture illustrates the belief that the musician was entitled as much as anyone else to reward for his services. Cascorach, the son of a De Danaan minstrel, plays the timpan, or harp, before Saint Patrick.

“He took his timpan, tuned it, and on it played a volume of melody the equal of which for sweetness (saving only the

<sup>10</sup> Windisch: *Irische Texte*, Third Series, p. 212.

<sup>11</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 213.



dominical canon's harmony and laudation of Heaven's king and earth's) the clergy had never heard. Upon them fell a fit of slumber, and, when he had made an end of his minstrelsy, of Patrick he requested its recompense. The Saint said: 'What guerdon seekest thou, my soul?'

"'Heaven for myself,' he answered, 'which is the best reward that is; good luck also to go with my art and with them that shall exercise my art after me.' Patrick said: 'To thyself be Heaven, and be that art of thine one of the three for the sake of which in Ireland one shall to the latest time procure his own advancement; how great soever be the grudging surliness which shall greet a man of thy science, let him but perform minstrelsy, let him but recite tales, and such penuriousness shall vanish before him, . . . and to them that profess thine art be all happiness, only so as in their function they show not slothfulness.'

"Then to its case Cascorach restored his implement of music."<sup>11</sup>

The occupations of the Fairies were those of chief interest to the people themselves,—war and the chase. The Fairies were thus easily imagined as coming from their own country to play a part in mortal affairs. Announced by beautiful music, and enveloped in mist, the *Shée* not only visited Ireland but often took mortals back with them to help wage the wars or to enjoy the delights of Fairyland, as the heroes Oisín and Cúchulain were taken by the Fairy Maidens Niam and Fand. In what kind of country did these warriors find themselves?

The Fairies took men to a happy Other World, which was a glorified replica of this. Happiness consisted in an abundance of what brought pleasure to men,—food, drink, fighting, ease. Thus the Irish paradise resembles the paradise of various pagan peoples, such as the Norse, yet it has a character of its own whereby it gains peculiar distinction and beauty. In the Irish elysium women are present; they are recognized as of no less importance than in earthly life. Early Irish writers give the romantic a place in their stories, whether these be of contemporary or of Fairy life; they have more complete vision than most writers of the past. It is significant that the two enduring epics of

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<sup>11</sup> O'Grady: *Silva Gadelica*, Vol. II, p. 191.

ancient Greece centre about women,—Helen and Penelope; Helen is paralleled in Gaelic literature by Deirdre.

Irish intimacy with nature also vivifies the descriptions of Fairyland, and they are further enhanced by the love of splendor. The author of *The Voyage of Bran* catches the charm of his own Ireland when he paints the Fairy kingdom in four unforgettable lines:—

“A beauty of a wondrous land,  
Whose aspects are lovely,  
Whose view is a far country,  
Incomparable is its haze.”<sup>13</sup>

The Gaelic names for the other world indicate its distinctive beauties as imagination understood them: Mag Mel (Plain of Happiness), Tir n-an-Og (Land of Youth), Tir Tairnigire (Land of Promise), Mag Findargat (Plain of White Silver), Mag Argat-mel (Plain of Silver Clouds), Tir Ban Suthain (Land of Ever Living Women).

A characteristic of ancient Irish writing is elaborate detail, which nowhere finds better expression than in the account of Fairyland brought back to Cuchulain by his charioteer, Laeg. Cuchulain, requested by a De Danaan king to come to his aid in one of the Fairy wars, sends Laeg to reconnoitre. He proves an admirable emissary, for he overlooks few points of interest.—

“I came with joyous sprightly steps,  
—Wondrous the place, though its fame was known,—  
Till I reached the cairn, where mid scores of bands,  
I found Labra of the flowing hair.

“I found him seated at the cairn  
Ringed round by thousands of weaponed men,  
Yellow the hair on him, beauteous its hue,  
A ball of ruddy gold encircled it.

“After a time he recognized me,  
In the purple five-folded mantle;  
He spake with me: ‘Wilt thou come with me  
To the house wherein is Failbe Fand?’

“Two kings are in the house,  
Failbe Fand and Labra,  
Three fifties surround each of them,  
That the full sum of the one house.

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<sup>13</sup> Kuno Meyer: *The Voyage of Bran*, Vol. I, p. 8.

"Fifty beds on the right side,  
With fifty nobles [?] in them,  
Fifty beds on the left side,  
With fifty in them also.

"Copper are the borders of the beds,  
White are the pillars overlaid with gold;  
This the candle in their midst,  
A lustrous precious stone.

"At the door westward  
In the place where sets the sun,  
Stand a herd of grey palfreys, dappled their manes,  
And another herd purple-brown.

"There stand at the Eastern door  
Three ancient trees of purple pure,  
From them the sweet, everlasting birds  
Call to the lads of the kingly rath.

"At the door of the liss there is a tree  
Out of which there sounds sweet harmony,  
A tree of silver with the shining of the sun upon it,  
Its lustrous splendor like to gold.

"Three twenties of trees are there,  
Their crests swing together but do not clash,  
From each of those trees three hundred are fed  
With fruits many-tasted, that have cast their rind.

"There is a well in the noble [?] sidh;  
There are thrice fifty mantles of various hue,  
And a clasp of gold, all lustrous,  
Holds the corner of each colored cloak.

"A vat there is of heady mead  
Being dispensed to the household;  
Still it lasts, in unchanged wise,  
Full to the brim, everlastingly.

"There is a maiden in the noble [?] house  
Surpassing the women of Eire,  
She steps forward, with yellow hair,  
Beautiful, many-gifted she."<sup>14</sup>

Although Laeg carefully describes the interior of a De Danaan palace, he says little of the exterior; but there is an account of the outside of a Fairy dwelling in *Cormac's Cup*:—

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<sup>14</sup> Eleanor Hull, editor: *The Poem Book of the Gael*, pp. 65 ff. London: Chatto & Windus, 1912.

"Cormac found himself upon a great plain alone. There was a large fortress in the midst of the plain with a wall of bronze around it. In the fortress was a house of white silver, and it was half thatched with the wings of white birds. . . . Then he sees in the garth a shining fountain, with five streams flowing out of it and the hosts in turn drinking its water. Nine hazels . . . grow over the well. The purple hazels drop their nuts into the fountain, and the five salmon which are in the fountain sever them and send their husks floating down the stream. Now the sound of the falling of those streams is more melodious than any music that men sing."<sup>15</sup>

Still another story intensifies the impression that Fairyland is a country wherein was never food-controller nor prohibition. Conn, a mortal adventurer, found himself in a Fairy house where he—

"sat down on the bedside of the hostel, and was ministered unto and his feet washed. And he knew not who had washed his feet. Before long he saw a flame arising from the hearth, and the hero was seized by the hand to guide him to the fire. Then food-laden boards of the house with various meats rose up before him, and he knew not who had given them to him. He saw before him a vat excellent and finely wrought of blue crystal, with three golden hoops about it. And Daire Degamra bade Conn go into the vat and bathe, so that he might put his weariness from him. And Conn did so. . . . A fair cloak was thrown over the king and he awoke refreshed."<sup>16</sup>

Although the Fairies are known as dwellers in Fairy mounds, yet, with an inconsistency common to Fairy lore, the other world is not always described as inside a hill; a hill is often only the entrance to Fairyland, which may lie over the western ocean or even under the waters of a lake. A familiar folk belief is that paradise is in the west, the land of the setting sun, the country of departed spirits. When soldiers in the late war spoke of a comrade as having "gone west" they merely reiterated a very old popular superstition.

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<sup>15</sup> *Irische Texte*, Third Series, p. 213.

<sup>16</sup> *Erin*, Vol. III, pp. 157, 159.

Mortals who were taken to the land of immortality were not always able to revisit the world without paying a penalty; sometimes they had to promise that, after their return to earth, they would avoid the performance of specified acts, such as eating a particular food; sometimes they found that Time in Fairyland had passed far more swiftly than by mortal reckoning and that an absence of a year in the other world had been actually the passing of a century. A visit to Tir n-an Og was, therefore, not to be lightly undertaken; Cuchulain showed due caution in sending his charioteer ahead of him on a journey of inspection.

When, upon their conquest by the Milesians, the Tuatha De Danaan retired to the hills, a few of the more important men secured barrows of their own. Angus Og, the lover of Caer, was among the fortunate, although he obtained his palace on the Boyne, the now famous Brugh na Boine, by a trick rather than because of his own merit. At the time the barrows were distributed, Angus was absent, and so received none; but his father, the Dagda, received two. Apparently resigned to his loss, Angus asked for the loan of the Brugh of the Boyne for a day and a night. At the end of twenty-four hours the Dagda asked the barrow back, only to be told that, since eternity was composed of days and nights, Angus intended to retain the Brugh forever. There is no record of his having been ousted; in fact, the Brugh of Angus is often referred to in Irish literature.

Such are the Fairies of early Ireland and their immortal kingdom. Never did the Irish harp play more beautifully than when sounding the music of the *Shée*; and in the Fairy legends the modern world may well find inspiration for new, yet immortal, song.

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## EDUCATION AND RELIGION

### I.

A friend of mine said the other day, referring to the early church fathers and their ecclesiastical progeny: "They have made everything so difficult and complex, whereas it is really quite simple." The remark was by way of complaint and voiced the poignant fact that for a person brought up 'in the church' it is almost as difficult to blaze a trail through the wilderness of dogma and theology to a really religious philosophy as it is for the proverbial camel to go through the needle's eye. For instance: the simple fact about the Crucifixion is that Jesus gave his life for the sake of an idea, and this simple fact inspires us with a respect for the idea which the death made alive for all time. So Lincoln said of the heroes of Gettysburg: "From these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion." This is the essential point, which was obvious enough to St. Paul; but in our religious education it is obscured by so many theories of atonement that the young student, after wandering about in the wilderness, comes out not only none the wiser but with a decided disinclination towards any similar pilgrimages in the future. "I preach the Crucifixion of Christ", said Paul, and the idea there dramatically exemplified was sufficient to win the allegiance of the thousands. "We need", says a recently returned religious adviser to our fighting men, "to get back to the simple teachings of Christ."

Quite so: but we need also in our teaching, religious and otherwise, to get forward to some other simple things, which although inherently related to religion, have been developed since Jesus's time or were untouched, except perhaps metaphorically, by his words. When all is said, most of Jesus's teaching has to do with ethics and morality, although doubtless his conception of God as a loving Father was a greater contribution to religion than was his philosophy of life, much of which had been conceived before him. But, Matthew Arnold to the contrary notwithstanding, conduct is not the main consideration



of religion; for although right action may be the chief evidence or result of the average religious life, such conduct may result just as well from family tradition, or fear, or common-sense, or any one of a number of things. Thus in our attempt to state simply what religion is and to discover why young people to-day are not more keenly concerned with it, a discussion of morality or of Jesus's purely ethical teachings will be of little assistance.

## II.

Aside from the historical and theological method, using religious writings as texts for study, there are three ways by means of which man may gain a conception of God: (1) by direct revelation; (2) by accepting the hypothesis that we are created in the image of God and by trying to get a complete idea of him through the close study of the nature of that image; (3) by a synthetic process, using the material world as evidence and attempting to deduce its primal laws and causes. The first method is seldom if ever experienced by young people to-day, and, except for the possibility of making oneself receptive towards such revelation did it come, education can do nothing for it; hence it lies for the most part outside the scope of this article. Voltaire had the second method in mind when he said: "Man creates God in his own image"; and it is significant that Voltaire discarded the theology of the church and the mediation of the Saints, and dedicated the parish chapel which he erected simply: "*Deo crexit Voltaire*". We all accept Voltaire's epigram as sound, whether or not we consciously admit the fact. Polonius's advice to Laertes, for instance,—

" . . . To thine own self be true,  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man",—

is generally regarded as axiomatic; but it can be logically so taken only if for "thine own self" we postulate an image of perfect truth and virtue, only if this self be a reflection of God. The third method of approaching God is that of science reaching back through time and out through space for first causes and universal principles.

These last two processes, which are of especial importance to persons interested in education, I wish to discuss in some detail, in an attempt to show that both present distinct educational possibilities almost entirely neglected by our instructors of youth. By nature both result from the threefold urge of humanity towards self-expression or self-realization, or, as the religiously minded would put it, from the urge of a soul which longs to reunite with its source. It is perhaps most succinctly expressed by the poet, who says simply:—

“A spark disturbs our clod.”

The scientific impulse in man urges him towards truth, the æsthetic towards beauty, the spiritual towards what we call the divine, having no more concrete name for it. In the history of mankind these impulses appeared in the reverse order—first the spiritual, then the æsthetic, then the scientific, and it may be that the force of the last two in our present world have so weakened the spiritual faculty as to prevent the direct revelation of God which we are told occurred in olden times. I will show in a later paragraph that the æsthetic impulse is composed of the other two; so that there are left for our chief consideration only two means by which we may create God in the image of his works,—the scientific and the spiritual.

It is sometimes said that there is a conflict between science and religion. Certainly, many young students believe that there is, and that an acceptance of science precludes a belief in God. But this is not so; Darwin himself, whose great work is sometimes thought to have struck a death-blow at religion, has said that “the mind revolts” at the idea of a world un-governed by universal law. Although the scientist may not believe so much as his more orthodox brother—he may not believe, for instance, in a personal God—it is a perfectly tenable position to believe both in science and in God, even a personal God. Huxley quarrelled with the Book of Genesis and thought he was quarrelling with religion; but this is merely an evidence of the fact that his contemporaries had a wrong conception of what Genesis really is. Yet Huxley rightly regarded the findings of science as no more than “a working hypothesis”—exactly the

attitude taken by religious thinkers of to-day towards their beliefs. Rabbi Wise, for instance, wrote me a few years ago: "I prize the religion of Israel not as truth, but as a finely reasonable and ethical quest after truth, and nothing more." Sir Gilbert Murray is quoted as defining religion as "an attempt to chart the unknown". It is obvious that this definition could be applied equally well, although in a limited field, to science. As a matter of fact, it must be seen that both impulses are aiming at truth, the one stressing material truth, and the other spiritual, for religion to be anything must be true and to this extent scientific. Professor Keyser, of Columbia University, once made the remark that religion was more closely related to mathematics than to any other subject, "since both deal with infinity". The more one thinks of it, the more apparent it becomes that science and religion are like two parallel lines leading to the same ultimate goal; and although the finite mind may not be able to follow either to their meeting-place in infinity, we may approach farther and farther along one by the advance of science, and farther and farther along the other by the increase of spirituality.

Science, then, in its search for truth has a clear road towards God, at least towards a god whose character is truth. To be reasonable, science has to believe that there is such a thing as truth attainable in some degree by man, and to advance at all it has to postulate both force and law. To admit truth and force and law is to recognize three of the chief attributes of God. Whether these characteristics are partly inherent in matter itself and partly the result of a purely material world, or whether they are imposed upon matter by some outside agent from some outside source, is a debate which materialism will probably carry on with religion for all time. But one may be a scientist without being a materialist: a scientist may believe that truth and force and law in the material world are imposed upon it from without. And there is still another element which the scientist must take into consideration in reaching his conclusions: this is the fact that his observations are made by human means,—the five senses,—and that his deductions are made by a human mind. When one comes to realize that no one of the five senses is exact enough to react to stimuli of very fine character, and when

one remembers that science has as yet produced no mechanical means to determine so important a fact as whether a body is at rest or in uniform motion, and when one knows that the workings of the human mind cannot be proved to be logical, one is forced to admit that any scientist who claims to have achieved final truth in even a small matter (only a sophomoric scientist, of course, would make such a claim) has not actually progressed any farther towards truth than had the religious doubter who cried:—

"I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope."

In fact, he has not progressed so far, for the religious man is at least honest. One needs to remember also that William James has argued strongly that our passional nature, that is, our will, not only does but should play a part in many of the beliefs we hold, and that his argument has yet to be fully refuted.

From the foregoing it should be clear that, despite the tremendous progress science has made towards truth, the 'image' that is man is after all the most important element contributing to that progress, and that unless this image is right the progress made by its functioning cannot be right. Thus in even a scientific attempt to chart the unknown we are driven back to a consideration of the human element in the cosmic process, and must examine the other characteristics of mankind which distinguish us from the—

"Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark."

The transition from the field of science to that of spirituality may be made through the field of beauty, whose appeal is, as I have said, made up of a desire to know and a desire to worship.

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"

says Keats. In this sense the Grecian urn is true in being perfect in type, and beautiful in being spiritually appealing, in this case perhaps a distinction without a real difference. But there is a difference between the truth of science and the beauty that is entirely æsthetic. A telephone, although a marvellously per-

fect machine, has no palpable beauty; a sunset, although even more perfect in a scientific sense, impresses one with its beauty rather than its truth. The single-track scientist, his 'image' only a mind, makes the approach towards perfection only through perceived fact, but Keats makes it through beauty as well. Tennyson was thinking of both roads into the unknown when he told the flower in the crannied wall:—

"Little flower—but *if* I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in all,  
I should know what God and man is."

Wordsworth, however, has no thought for the scientific conception of truth in his philosophy; it is all for the spiritual appeal:—

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears";

or again,—

"One impulse from a vernal wood  
May teach you more of man,  
Of moral evil and of good  
Than all the sages can."

The word "teach" here is unfortunate, for the poet means inspiration rather than instruction; he has passed over from the realm of facts to that of the spirit. It is of the spiritual approach also that Poe is speaking when he says:—

"He who shall simply sing with however glowing enthusiasm, or with however vivid a touch of description, of the sights, and sounds, and colors and sentiments which greet him in common with all mankind—he, I say, has yet failed to prove his title. There is still something in the distance which he has been unable to attain. We have still a thirst unquenchable, to allay which he has not shown us the crystal spring. This thirst belongs to the immortality of man. It is no mere appreciation of the beauty before us, but a wild effort to reach the Beauty above. Inspired by the æsthetic prescience of glories beyond the grave, we struggle by multiform combinations among things and thoughts of time to attain a portion of that loveliness whose very elements appertain to eternity alone."

In somewhat the same vein Carlyle writes his great chapter on natural Supernaturalism.

The poet has here left the field of palpable beauty and is talking about spirituality "inspired by an ecstatic prescience" of perfection. To inspire is to breathe something into a person or to stimulate further something already present. This 'something' in religious terminology is 'soul' or 'spirit'; in scientific, it is 'force'. We need not quarrel over terms. There is an issue, however, between materialism and religion, as indicated already; and this issue has to do with the origin and nature of this soul or force. Materialism says that it existed in the original particles of matter; religion says that it is not only separate from matter by nature but that it existed before matter. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was God." We must accept one or the other of these theories as a working hypothesis. Materialism as such says that the development of matter, life, human nature, is merely the development of this force through more and more complex combinations; that this force, together with chance, is the sole underlying cause of the world as it exists to-day. Religion says that this force is but a part or an expression of the greater force from which it takes its origin (God), and that in the development of the ages it has been controlled and directed partly by conscious effort on the part of the individual and partly by the conscious effort of the original and universal force, chance playing but a small part, if any. The great gaps in the hypothetical development from the original particle to man, such, for instance, as that between inanimate and animate matter, between plant and animal, between animal and man, religion explains by supposing a series of inspirations from the first cause, changing to some extent the nature of the then existing force. For these great steps forward, science, as Wallace pointed out, has no explanation whatever.

In this argument it appears that religion has the better of it. This is especially true when we consider man alone and the possibilities he has for conscious self-development of a spiritual kind. This is our second great road towards God, creating our image of him from our own spirit and from the other images which have a likeness to him. Accordingly, our spiritual development may be both objective, by the inspiration received from spirituality in palpable or conceptual form—that is, from



nature, art, mankind—and subjective, by the conscious uplifting and strengthening of the spirit through prayer, worship, will-power, and other exercises of the kind. Setting aside the men who, as religious history asserts, were inspired by God himself, the road of self-cultivation, or self-inspiration, has always been the most effective approach to God, as it has also been the most frequently used. It is action of this kind, whether or not consciously undertaken by the individual, which James holds to be valid even in the field of belief. The will may or may not be a factor which intelligence can accept in the formation of a belief in God, but certainly, if we grant the existence of God as a working hypothesis, we may admit the will as a reasonable factor in developing our spirituality into a nearer likeness to his nature, and from the likeness we may learn more of him, since according to the hypothesis it is his image which thus develops in ourselves. This approach is along a quite different road than that offered by science as outlined above. Its milestones are less objective and less intelligible; yet it is not irrational. "*Le cœur*", says Pascal, "*a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît pas.*" These causes have long been motive forces in human development and have been more powerful than mere intellect in bringing it to its highest perfection; and even if pure reason knows them not, it is illogical, as John Fiske points out, to think that "Nature, after having throughout the whole round of inferior products achieved results through the accumulation of all true steps and the rejection of all false steps, suddenly changed her method in the case of her highest product and began achieving results through the accumulation of false steps". Tennyson had somewhat the same thought in mind when he asked concerning faith:—

"Derives it not from what we have  
The likest God within the soul?"

### III.

The three methods of charting the unknown outlined above are not only simple but natural to conscious or unconscious personal development. They form, I believe, as finely ethical and reasonable a quest after religious truth as the historical method of

Biblical study, and they are free from the theological difficulties which make this method of approach seem both confusing and unreasonable to the young mind. Why, then, are they not more useful, in our modern religious education, in bringing young people to God?

The answer to this question is that the media offered by science, art, and religion are not properly and not sufficiently used for the purpose in hand. That is, they are presented as ends in themselves, not merely as milestones expressing man's progress towards perfection. To illustrate: the teacher of geometry is usually satisfied if his students can prove a number of set theorems. The idea of law underlying the whole philosophy of mathematical proof is rarely stressed; or, if it is, the student is carried no farther than Euclidean axioms, and probably never even hears of Lobachevsky or Reimann, who showed that Euclid's axioms could be questioned and who drove science forward to the consideration of still more fundamental law. As for a great concept like Einstein's theory of relativity, it is unlikely that it would ever be even mentioned except in higher courses in mathematics. The teacher of literature is too often content if his students know what the meaning of a poem is, or can pick out the figures of speech, or are able to tell something about the life of the author. He makes no attempt to show that the poem is beautiful because it has caught something of "that loveliness whose very elements perhaps appertain to the immortality of man". In school, the teacher of 'nature-study' may sometimes try to carry the young mind on by some such remark as: "See, children, how wonderful is God to create this flower!" But the intelligent child soon comes to believe that the flower is the product of earth and sun; consequently he reasons: "God didn't make it; it just grew." His mind accepts this reasoning as final; it is too immature to see that this very growth postulates law; and neither child nor teacher knows that science itself fails to account for the coming of life or for even such a common thing as the flow of sap from root to branch. The plastic arts are scarcely taught at all in schools and colleges; where they are taught, a picture or a statue is presented as an end in itself, and the student fails to see in it the expression of

an effort "by multiform combinations among things and thoughts of time" to achieve the perfect and the eternal. Religion, as taught in Sunday-school, is almost always a mere study of the Bible; in college, it is a study of comparative theology. Thus in each case our students are led to consider only the husk and not the corn, only the chambered shell without the living nautilus.

The foregoing are sins of omission, the remedy for which is obvious. But there is another error into which many of our educators fall. This is committed chiefly by teachers of ethics, philosophy, and æsthetics who attempt to transport the student into the realm of 'pure art' or 'pure metaphysics' without first using the concrete media by means of which, and only by means of which, the young mind can make the transition from example to law, from the actual to the conceptual, from experience to idea. For, to paraphrase a sentence of Charles Fletcher Dole's, however this conceptual world transcends experience, it always grows out of experience. That is, the human mind arrives at a conception of a perfect line or circle only by first perceiving an image of it on the blackboard; it can obtain a grasp of æsthetic concepts only by first observing beauty in palpable form, as in a picture or in a poem or in nature; it can comprehend something of the kingdom of God only by first experiencing some aspects of it in life itself. But textbooks on art begin immediately with discussions of beauty, form, rhythm, without first discussing some concrete pictures, statues, or poems. The student puts down these books in despair. "I don't seem to get anything out of them", he says, and by so saying he expresses the psychological fact that he must first comprehend something tangible before he can apprehend the ideal. The attitude of Thomas, who felt the necessity of first putting his fingers on Jesus's wounds before he could comprehend the Resurrection, is the attitude of the young mind to-day. Teachers of ethics and philosophy have excellent opportunities to take the concrete material, the facts of experience, as presented in other courses of study—history, science, literature, and the rest—and to weave them into some unified concept, which by necessity would suggest the nature of God and of man as the image of God.

Of course, an occasional professor is both a practical teacher and a man of vision, and through his leadership the student may make some progress in charting the unknown; occasionally, too, the student may get somewhere by the mere force of the innate urge outward and upward. But even for these more fortunate or more progressive youths the results are far from satisfactory; their limitations are naïvely and rather pathetically put in the following sentences from a review of the year written by a senior in one of our leading colleges:—

"It seems to us as if the year has seen a continuation of the constantly growing tendency toward a more unified theory of things. . . . We are coming to believe in all courses as fitting into and contributing something toward a broader notion which for want of a better term we call our philosophy of life. But in regard to this idea we are very, very vague and so in alarm ask that no one take it too seriously. Yet there may be something in it."

It is apparent that the writer is doing his best to chart the unknown, but it is to be deplored that at the conclusion of his education he is still very, very vague and is even alarmed at the possibility of being taken seriously.

#### IV.

All the educational failings that I have discussed above, both those of omission and those of commission, have to do with the roads leading onward through science and art. There remains to be mentioned the road through spirituality, which, as I have said already, is largely a matter of self-cultivation. I have also remarked that in the past this approach towards God has been both the most frequent and the most effective; but we are told by Dr. Bell, President of St. Stephens's College, who has recently had experience with 20,000 sailors, that "religion as a motive power is unknown to at least eighty per cent. of them" and that "spirituality as presented by the churches has impressed them as not mattering much".

To begin with, spirituality is not something that can be *taught*, either by the church, the college, or any other agency.

Occasionally an individual minister or teacher may help the youth to cultivate himself,—for the process must be largely subjective,—but as for teaching it, Jesus himself could do no more than merely to say: "I am the way; he that hath seen me hath seen the Father." It was a childhood experience of my own to be taken by my father along with my brothers out on the rocks of the Maine coast, and there, overlooking the ocean, to listen to him as he talked and read to us of things spiritual. I do not remember any of the things said on those occasions; but the communion of spirit, as we sat gazing out over the incomprehensible sea, with one who comprehended better than we and who seemed in touch with One who comprehended all, was a great contribution to our spiritual development. But, it must be noted, this was entirely a subjective process. Thus, although spirituality cannot be taught, it can be fostered; just so, the sun, although it does not teach the tree how to make the sap flow, nevertheless by its warmth somehow draws that sap from root to branch. Jesus said: "If I be lifted up I shall draw all men to me"; and Lincoln: "From these honored dead we take increased devotion."

That spirituality as presented by the churches to-day does not impress the youth as mattering much is therefore evidence not that it is poorly presented, but that the youth does not appreciate the value of spirituality, since persons of spiritual character find in the church services an excellent opportunity for the exercise and development of their spiritual natures. True, some faults might be found with church practices, especially where the service is taken out of the mouths of the congregation and given over to the choir, but this is beside the point. The fact remains that the present-day youth lacks spirituality, and the superficial thinker blames the church—the most obvious thing to do—and lets the case rest there. But since spirituality cannot be taught, yet can be fostered, the blame of the absence of it in young people to-day must rest with those who are by nature in the best position to foster it; the blame lies, in a word, at the door of parents who make no effort to encourage and develop in their children that subjective process by which alone spirituality is attained.

That parents have such an opportunity, as have no other teachers of youth, should be fairly plain. In the first place, they have the time and the natural occasions to make the effort; secondly, they possess or should cultivate the sympathy, patience, and intimacy necessary; thirdly, this intimate communion is established when the child's nature is practically virgin soil, so that the beginnings of wisdom may be sown before the winged seeds of the world's tares can drift in on an ill wind and take root along with the wheat; fourthly, the child looks to the parent as an authority on all matters and will accept with implicit faith whatever the parent has to give. Teachers will affirm that only in the rarest instances is any one of these conditions present in school or college, and the clergy will agree that only in exceptional cases can relationships with young men be established where the environment and intimacy necessary for spiritual cultivation are to be found.

Every child properly nurtured has an innate desire to 'be good', and every growing boy has a similar desire to 'be great'. The difficulty is that parents fail to show the child that being good and being great are synonymous. Indeed, the idea sometimes goes unchecked that the two are in some way antithetical, as in Kingsley's aphorism,—

"Be good, sweet maid,  
And let who will be clever,"—

an attitude which to the growing girl or boy naturally suggests a choice between goodness and greatness, in which one or the other is to be sacrificed. This line of thought is in keeping with the kind of moral achievement usually recommended to children, according to which 'being good' is simply refraining from 'being bad', and which must result in a merely negative morality consisting chiefly of the shall-not's of the Decalogue and finding expression in the kind of Puritanical abstinence which Milton advocated:—

"God doth not need  
Either man's work, or his own gifts: who best  
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best."

This type of thinking is, however, the reverse of spirituality, which is the cultivation of the spirit in its upreach towards God,



just as the old Puritanical fear of God is the reverse of Jesus's teachings of the love of God. With a background of this kind, coupled with the theological difficulties which the youth is sure to encounter sooner or later, by the time he comes to college his attitude towards things spiritual consists chiefly of doubts and reservations.

## V.

Even at this late date, however, something may be done. We may still trade on the innate desire of youth to 'be great'. Our main difficulty at this point arises from the fact that by this time the youth has accepted another false conception of greatness. Instead of the Puritanical idea of abstinence as the chief characteristic of greatness, the youth has substituted the worldly idea of acquisition. To eight out of ten young men of college age to-day, to be great means to acquire a great deal, to be small means to fail to do so. Ask the freshman why he is in college, and he will tell you that he is there to get something, and his reasoning goes no farther; ask the senior what his college career has done for him, and he will tell you that it has enabled him to obtain a living. Read to a class the questions of Omar Khayyám, with his loaf of bread and jug of wine underneath the bough, and then read *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, who welcomed each rebuff that turned earth's smoothness rough, and ask your students for an honest opinion as to whether happiness or service is their goal in life. Eight out of ten men in my experience declare frankly for happiness; and all my piety and wit have often failed to convince them that happiness must be a by-product and cannot intelligently be taken as a goal. It may be argued that the young man could be convinced that his desire to get something is based on a more fundamental desire to contribute something to his community and to civilization; but until he is so convinced, he remains selfish and fails to realize the true nature of greatness and the value of those things which can help him actually to achieve that end.

A number of religious workers in the recent war attempted to formulate a simple Christian creed which would cover all denominational differences. This creed, as finally drawn up, be-

gan with the following fundamental statements: "Man grows great by sacrifice willingly undertaken. . . . To live a self-sacrificing life is difficult; . . . in fact, it is so hard that the ordinary man cannot do it unless he is conscious of God." The word "sacrifice" here must be taken in the sense of sacrifice for the benefit of others rather than in the Puritanical sense of abstinence; otherwise it becomes a selfish means for self-aggrandizement. Service, then, is the chief underlying principle of all Christian peoples. Jesus himself put service and greatness in their proper relation in his maxim: "He who would be great among you, let him be your servant." If this be so and if to be a "servant" it is necessary to be "conscious of God", it follows that to be great one must develop himself along spiritual as well as other lines, indeed in preference to them.

Thus even for the college man who has progressed far in years without developing his spiritual faculty, something may be accomplished; it is not yet altogether too late. What is necessary is first to convince him that to be great is to serve, as Socrates and Jesus and Lincoln served. Then it must follow that in order to be great one must first be good, that to be good as well as strong for the work of service, it is necessary to use every agency for one's self-development. And history and life will teach the student that among these agencies the most effective is the development of spirituality through a search after and a contact with God,—a search which may be made through prayer and worship, through friendship with great men, through the beauty of nature and of art, and through science itself. The college, then, having lighted the youth's torch with eternal fire, will have done its part in the race that he is to run.

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## THE SPIRIT OF HORACE

It may safely be said that no other writer of antiquity maintains his hold upon the reader so strongly as does the Roman Horace. To no other poet does the man trained in classics revert so often in later years. A young enthusiast recently told me how she had spent part of her vacation in reading with her aged great-uncle his favorite odes of Horace, which had clung to him since his boyhood days. As I turn through recent numbers of some of our best periodicals I find at least three close imitations of Horace's *Odes*. Present literature abounds in Horatian echoes. The appeal is to all ages and classes. In his own day Horace rose superior to envy and his merit was conceded; and, fulfilling his own prophecy, he has grown constantly in the praise of each succeeding generation.

And yet, were we to make a roll of the world's great poets, by common consent Horace's name would be far down the list. Few, if any, would place him in the first ten or the first twenty. In sublimity of conception, in vividness of imagery, in depth of philosophy, in many of the qualities which we expect to find in a great poet, he is notably lacking. He frankly admitted the limits of his own genius and declined to spread his tiny sails upon the sea of a mighty theme. In comparison with the high-soaring swan of Pindar, he regarded himself as a modest bee, laboriously plying its task. Despite his limitations, however, the appeal to our interest is clear and persistent. His expressions frequently represent exactly what we had been thinking and the way in which we would prefer to say it. His manner invites us into a delightful fellowship. We read Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Lucretius, and Vergil and give them the honor that is their due, but in Horace we find companionship. He has many more imitators than these greater geniuses. The reader responds eagerly to the challenge his verse presents. Communion with Æschylus, Lucretius, Vergil, and others may evoke appreciation and admiration; communion with Horace stirs the reader's muse to reply, or, if his muse be sluggish, he attempts to interpret the significance of the poet's thought and

work. The present paper is but one more added to many such discussions. We may follow Horace's own example and banish from our thoughts the consideration of ancient Inachus and Codrus, the race of Æacus, and the wars that were fought beneath the walls of sacred Ilium, and call instead for the wine and the music and the roses, symbols of the red-blooded life which was his chief concern and must be ours if we would understand him.

Horace's poetry, while universal in its appeal and of varied interests, is a faithful mirror of his own personal experiences. The poetry and the life are so interrelated that to know one we should know the other.

Horace was born in 65 B.C., in the little town of Venusia, in southeastern Italy. He died in 8 B.C., probably in Rome. He was of humble parentage, his father having once been a slave, but at the time of Horace's birth a freedman, so that the son was *ingenuus*, or free-born. Venusia, where his early years were spent, represented the extreme type of simplicity and all the homely virtues. What an endowment for a great man in beginning his career that he was cradled amid such surroundings, that his first impressions were not of the crowded life of a mighty city, but of the pastures and woodlands, the streams and valleys of a rural community! To these first impressions Horace owed much of his greatness. He often refers to this lovely past in later years, as when, weaving fancy with fact, he tells how he wandered as a boy on Apulian Voltur and was overcome with play and sleep, while doves covered him over with fresh foliage, so that it was a marvel to all who dwelt in the nest of lofty Acherontia and the Bantine glades and the fertile fields of low-lying Forentum. And again, when, as the years pass by, he thinks of his last resting-place, his thoughts turn to scenes familiar to his childhood, to the river of Galæsus and the fields ruled over by the Laconian Phalanthus, a nook which has a charm for him beyond all other lands, where the honey and the olives are unexcelled, where Jupiter makes the spring long and the winters mild, and it is there he bids his friend to scatter his ashes. Or when, with the privilege granted to a poet, he prophesies his immortality of fame, he associates

it with the stream of his native land, unknown almost but for Horace, and with the rustic people over whom Daunus held sway.

The wholesome influence of these childhood associations was never lost from Horace's life and is responsible for some of the finest elements in his poetry. But he was early introduced into an environment of a far different character. His father, whom he always held in veneration, seems to have detected his son's latent power and was willing to make any sacrifice for his education. When about the age of ten Horace was taken to Rome and for eight years studied under the best teachers. Aside from the merits of his teachers other great formative influences left their impress upon the susceptible youth. It was a day of transition. The Roman constitution was proving inadequate to the new tasks imposed upon it. Men of lofty patriotism still clung to the old forms, while men of far vision perceived that a new order was inevitable. Some of the acts of this great political drama had preceded the arrival of Horace at Rome, as the conspiracy of Catiline, the formation of the triumvirate that to a large degree superseded the regular form of government, and the revolutionary consulship of Julius Cæsar. But these acts were so closely involved with those that followed that they must have aroused the daily comment of the Romans and have been among the moulding influences on the youth. On the streets of Rome and in the Forum, Horace undoubtedly grew familiar with the faces of the chief actors of this drama: with Pompey, surnamed the Great, renowned for military exploits in the east, but vacillating and without vision in matters of state; with Cicero, the brilliant orator and the champion of a losing cause; with Cato, the uncompromising antagonist of the radical tendencies of the day. Cæsar was now in Gaul, but even in his absence he swayed the course of events in Rome and was recognized as the great protagonist of the political drama. His reports of new nations conquered, of Germany and Britain invaded, aroused great enthusiasm in his supporters and apprehension among his opponents. These hopes and fears were realized with the crossing of the Rubicon, the flight of Pompey, the battle of Pharsalus, and other events which followed with startling

rapidity. Horace's susceptible nature was profoundly moved. To such events as these we may ascribe the horror of fratricidal strife that endured in some of his latest poetry. To the same cause is due in large measure the exalted regard felt for him who finally restored law and order to the world.

As if the variety of experience were not yet sufficient, however, another great change awaited him. At about the age of nineteen Horace departed from the turmoil of Rome for Athens to complete his education. In this literary centre, rich in associations and traditions of culture and refinement, he acquired that intimate acquaintance with Greek learning that has impressed one of the most permanent qualities upon his style. His indebtedness to the Greek influence he conceded, though never renouncing his place as a Latin poet. The two or three years spent in the philosophical repose of Athens may well seem to indicate the real character of Horace, but, like his friend Iccius, whom in later years he gently chides, he leaves the better way and chooses stern warfare. For late in 44 B.C. Brutus arrived at Athens and under his none too propitious banner the young Horace enrolled. We cannot be certain as to his motives for this act. Patriotism no doubt played some part. Loyalty to republican friends may have counted. But probably his spirit of adventure and the desire to see life in its broadest aspects were the controlling motives. The venture was brought to a swift conclusion. At Philippi, where valor was crushed and the proud bit the dust, Horace, though we need not accept literally his own account, threw away his shield and ran. Some time afterward Horace appeared at Rome. His estate at Venusia had been confiscated and a period of real privation followed, although of brief duration. He obtained a position as *scriba* and eked out a meagre existence. Owing probably to the merits of the verses he was then composing, however, he was not long without friends. A common interest in poetry soon brought him into close personal relations with Vergil, whom, notwithstanding important differences in manner and thought, he cherished as a part of his soul until the latter's death. His growing fame could not long escape the notice of Mæcenas, the statesman and patron of letters, and their friendship, beginning in the year 39 B.C., guaranteed the security of



Horace's position. A few years later Mæcenas gave Horace the Sabine farm, which, small as it was, became the source of his constant delight. His life was now divided between the seclusion of his rural estate and the complex life of the city of Rome. He lived on terms of intimacy with the great men of the state and of letters. His situation is best described in his own significant words, that, although poor, he was courted by the rich.

His friendship with Mæcenas was ended only by their deaths and covered a period of thirty years. Once in the early years of this friendship Mæcenas became seriously ill and was expecting the end. It was on this occasion that Horace expressed himself in the following words:—

“Why dost thou weary me with thy complaints? It is not the gods' pleasure or mine that thou shouldst go first, O Mæcenas, thou great glory and pillar of my fortune. Ah, if some untimely power takes thee away, who art the half of my soul, why do I, the other part, linger on, not equally dear to myself or remaining whole, if thou art gone? That day will bring doom to us both alike. Not false is the oath that I have sworn. We shall go, we shall go, whensoever thou shalt lead the way, ready as comrades to make that last journey.”

Mæcenas recovered from his illness, but Horace seems to have spoken these words with prophetic insight, for twenty-two years later, in the year 8 B.C., Mæcenas died and in a few weeks Horace followed him.

Horace's attitude toward Octavian was somewhat different. There may have been at first a grudging submission, but as he came to understand more clearly the emperor's aims and policies Horace was gradually and gracefully reconstructed. This need show no lack of conviction on his part. One may admire the stubborn soul of a Cato, too proud to yield, even though all else has been subdued, but no small degree of strength and courage is required to admit the errors of a hot-headed youth and to make adjustments to the inevitable. It is unfair to charge Horace with insincerity on this score. Depth of purpose and strong conviction are not excluded from a gay exterior and a willingness to con-

form to an altered situation. And we must remember that it was not Horace who did the seeking. Octavian repeatedly sought the aid of Horace's muse. Octavian's motive in these requests was to increase the dignity of the imperial household, and Horace's response seems to have aimed at nothing more, for the relation between the emperor and Horace was not a personal one. The emperor had become a symbol of restored law and order and this very position shut him off from an intimate relationship with one in whose heart humanity was the dominating quality. As Augustus's supremacy was gradually established and accepted as a guarantee against war and its evils, he became to the popular mind a god, and it is not altogether a literary convention on the part of Horace when he prays that Augustus may return late to the skies, and places him above all gods but Jupiter, whose vicegerent he is on earth.

Horace's period of productivity lasted about thirty years, and varies greatly in merit of output. His earliest efforts were devoted to satire. In the choice of this field for the exercise of his poetic art he clearly reveals his own conception of his mission and his outlook upon life. The satires are objective and practical, and do not express the values upon which his chief fame was to rest. His epodes, produced only a little later, do not rise in tone and quality, for the most part, above the satires. It was not until Horace had well passed the sixth lustrum that he seems to have found himself. It was about this time that the gift of the Sabine farm relieved him of anxiety for his material welfare. His adjustment to the supremacy of Octavian and his recognition of the emperor's achievements for peace and for the restoration of law and order brought Horace to a happier frame of mind. His odes were the natural product of this period, and to them we shall return later.

We must now consider briefly the last period of Horace's life. In the year 20 B.C. he produced his first volume of epistles. This was followed about 13 B.C. by a second volume written during the preceding five years. They differ little in form from the satires, but are more didactic and ethical. They are charming chiefly for the delightful intimacy he encourages between himself and the reader, but do not reach the elevation

of his lyric poetry. Horace realized that he had passed the period of his prime, for in an epistle addressed to Julius Florus, who had asked him to return to the writing of odes, he replied that he had grown too old to write odes and that henceforth he would devote himself to philosophy. He had entered the stage in which the critical and not the creative faculty should be exercised. Finally, however, he did produce a fourth volume of odes, mainly to gratify the wishes of Augustus. These are chiefly imperialistic, singing the praises of the emperor's household, and to a large extent they bear out Horace's earlier apprehension that he was no longer suited for the exercise of the lyric faculty.

In the case of Horace we can hardly say that the poet is born, not made. We may admit with him the divine gifts of the Muses, yet we find in him abundant illustration of the value of learning, of precepts, and technical art. We have seen that he was offered the best educational opportunities at Rome and at Athens. This training left its impress upon his verse. While a lover of nature, he was also a lover of books. The charm of the cool grove appeals to him for its own sake, yet he would find it more refreshing with the presence of Euterpe and Polyhymnia. He was acquainted with the earlier Latin literature and more so with the poetry of Greece. He modestly disclaims his ability to vie with the Dorian Pindar, whom he compares to a mountain-torrent overflowing its banks, rushing on in mighty-mouthed eloquence; and again to a swan making its way in the lofty regions of the clouds, while Horace himself is but the lowly, painstaking bee. He feels a greater kinship with Alcæus and Sappho. Once he seems almost reconciled to the thought of death because in the other world he would see these great ones, at whose singing the ghosts gather about and the monsters of those dark realms are charmed. Aside from the habitual use of Greek metres in his odes, suggestions, motives, and themes transferred from Greek poetry abound in his verse. It is his boast that he was the first to introduce Æolian song into Latin strains. But while his lyre was first tuned by Alcæus, in Horace's hands its melodies become Latin; while he found the source of his poetry in Æolian song, not the least part of his merit is that his genius transmuted these forms into

living realities for his own generation. Although, therefore, he did not break with traditional lore and culture, he achieved a close relationship with the requirements of his own time and country. While educated abroad and in a foreign literature he was yet firmly grounded in the Roman national life and became a true representative of its spirit.

Horace's poetry represents a very happy union of natural endowment and laborious work. He does not forget the gifts bestowed by the Muse upon her favorite, and to her who could give the voice of a swan even to the mute fish he ascribes his fame. Yet there was for him no sudden awakening to find himself famous. The *limae labor*<sup>1</sup> is his own expression and well represents his attitude toward the poetic art. He did not find his proper field until comparatively late, and even when he did he seems not to have been fully conscious of his success, for at first he speaks lightly of his verse as something that may live for a year or longer. But at the close of this period he has become fully aware of the completeness of his success, and claims no more a fleeting popularity but a fame more enduring than bronze and loftier than the royal pile of pyramids; a fame that shall increase as long as the Capitolium (symbol to the Romans of perpetuity) and its institutions shall endure. Twenty centuries have passed since these words were spoken. Rome itself sank into dust, but the monument erected by Horace remains in unimpaired strength and beauty.

It seems that Horace must have been conscious of development in his art, but only after it had matured did he appear to understand its significance. Likewise, he understood when his prime had passed, and, until forced through others' insistence, declined to exercise his lyric faculty. This discussion is concerned only with that part of his work which by common consent is regarded as his best, namely, his lyrical poetry, by virtue of whose merit he strikes the stars with towering head.

To me it seems futile in the case of lyric poetry, and more so in the case of Horace, to attempt, as some have done, to find a central quality or a dominating note. As we take a complete sur-

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<sup>1</sup> *Ars Poetica*, 291.

vey of his odes the most prominent quality is versatility. This versatility is responsible for the diversity of opinion held by scholars, both ancient and modern, as to what constitutes the chief merits of Horace's odes. Some find the real Horace in the gayer moods, in his odes devoted to pleasure and drinking; others in the reflective, didactic, and patriotic odes; others in the odes that sing the beauty of some lovely spot, or those reflecting a bit of scholarly learning, or those dealing with general situations and principles, or those concerned with some special occasion or person. The real Horace, however, does not peculiarly represent any one of these phases, but includes them all. The variety of his experiences, added to personal inclinations, had equipped him for such comprehensiveness. Born in a quiet town, passing his later boyhood in cosmopolitan Rome and his young manhood in the universities of cultured Athens, with experience in war, on familiar terms with men of letters and still more with men of affairs, he rounded out into sympathy with all the interests of humanity. He was the poet of seclusion as well as of society, of nature as well as of books. He belongs to our age as much as to his own. His age was indeed like our own in point of cosmopolitan interests, the intermingling of nations, eclecticism, and the widest toleration, and it is because Horace well represents the spirit of all these forces that his modernity impresses us.

But this versatility of Horace has led to some severe criticisms of his odes. Tyrrell refers to "the extraordinary difficulty of discovering in them anything like a connected train of thought". This criticism is only partly just. Without doubt, the thread of consistency is often not strong, but it is sufficient for the weight of the poet's thought, which flits from one point to another as its fancy leads it. But does not the adjustment to the ever-changing present constitute man's chief duty, and discover the essential realities of life? Nothing is so useless for representing the truth as a painful consistency. Let us test our poet's reaction in the matter. Take the ode in which he begins by praying for a safe voyage for Vergil to Greece. It concludes with this reflection on man's boldness: "Nothing is too difficult for man. Our folly aims even at heaven and our



crimes do not allow Jupiter to lay aside his angry thunderbolts." Horace seems to have wandered far from the opening sentence, but there is present a thread of consistency sufficient for the poet, if not for his critics. In the grief at parting is it inconsistent for the poet to execrate the means by which the separation is brought about? To the ancients the sea was an element of terror. Naturally, then, the poet, after wishing Vergil a happy voyage, turns to the contemplation of the audacity of the man who first dared to entrust his frail bark to the wild sea; then passes to man's boldness exhibited in fields remote from the sea, as in the use of fire and air, ending with the general observation given above. If we remove the intervening steps we appear to have Horace's wish that Vergil may have a safe voyage, and then his closing reminder (entirely lacking in taste, as one editor puts it) that the voyage is an example of folly and that Jupiter's thunderbolt may strike him down for undertaking it. It seems more proper to say that the ode has been a sort of loose framework upon which he might fasten the products of his fancy and reflection. History does not record that Vergil actually undertook this voyage. Horace's critics may say that he was dissuaded by the closing lines of this ode. I can hardly believe in so literal a Vergil. And so I would interpret many, if not all, of the other odes that have fallen under the critic's lash. Horace made no attempt to impose an artificial consistency.

If we so regard his attitude we arrive at something more fundamental than versatility. To that intensity of the poet's desire to live in the all-sufficient present I would subordinate that which Sellar considers the central quality of the poet's thought, namely, his spirit of self-dependence or self-sufficiency. Perhaps it would be better to say his dependence upon the present. Yesterday, except for its memory, and to-morrow, when we die, may be left to the gods; it is *now* that the campus and courtyard, the sweet conspiracies of love and maiden's laughter must be enjoyed; it is *now* that we must drink and beat the earth in unrestrained dance; it is *now* that we must bind the head with green myrtle and flowers and offer sacrifice to Faunus in shady groves. That is the secret of Horace's appeal to the present generation, who must drink the red wine



of life to the lees. Therein lies the explanation of Horace's preference for men of actions rather than of words. Therein we find the meaning of his varied life, his versatile genius, his manifold experiences in peace and war, on land and sea, in the city and the country. This life sought no consummation in a future Paradise. The morrow may not be trusted, but to-day must be lived. After thus commending the present, Horace frequently turns to the thought of death, and, with true insight into the realities of life, seeks to enhance the enjoyment of the hour by contrasting it with the cheerless home of Pluto. After he celebrates the advent of spring and its accompanying joys, when the herd is free from the stable and the ploughman leaves the fireside, when Cytherea and the lovely Graces beat the earth in alternating step, while the moon hangs high and in shady groves sacrifices are offered to the merry rural god Faunus and brows are decked with flowers, the reader is warned that—

“pale death with impartial foot knocks at the hovels of the poor and the palaces of the rich. Soon the night of death will be upon you and the empty shades when wine and love will no more be known.”

Again, he cites the enticing loveliness of nature and would have us enjoy her:—

“Why do the giant pine and white poplar love to mingle their branches in inviting shade? Why does the fleeing brook struggle along in its winding course? Here bring your wine and ointment and the too brief blossoms of the lovely rose, while life and wealth and the dark threads of the three sisters allow. For you must depart from your pastures and your villa, you must depart, and an heir will possess your high-heaped wealth. It matters not whether you are born of an illustrious ancestry or whether poor and of lowly origin you tarry beneath the sky, you are a victim of Orcus who pities naught. To the same place we are all gathered. The lot of all shall soon or late leap forth from the urn to place us upon the boat for eternal exile.”

We see the same emphasis upon the present in many of the best-remembered portions of Horace:—

“Be wise, make ready the wine, and, since life is short, look not far into the future; even as we speak jealous time flees away; enjoy to-day and trust not the morrow.”

But this feeling is brought out perhaps best of all in the famous winter scene in the Ninth Ode of the First Book. The translation here offered has been taken from a recent number of *The Century Magazine*, and, while free, well represents the thought:—

“When mountain tops are white with snow,  
And on Soracte’s crest you see  
The laden beeches bending low,  
And when the frost with icy key  
Locks tight each little rivulet,  
Come, Thaliarchus, and with me  
Old cares forget.  
The fire invites us; take thine ease,  
Nor seek to fathom from afar  
The hearts of the Eumenides;  
Leave to the gods the unending war  
Of wind and wave. This too shall cease  
When they from whom all counsels are  
Shall counsel peace.  
To-morrow? Shall the fleeting years  
Abide our questioning? They go  
All heedless of our hopes and fears.  
To-morrow? ’T is not ours to know  
That we again shall see the flowers.  
To-morrow is the gods’; but oh!  
To-day is ours.”

With light heart, then, Horace accepted the fleeting present:—

“Capricious Fortune may shift from me her uncertain favors. As long as she lingers with me I praise her; but if she shakes her swift wings I resign what she has given and wrap myself about in a cloak of virtue and take chaste poverty to wife without a dowry. If my ship is tossed in the storm it is not my way to have recourse to wretched prayers.”

These words epitomize Horace’s philosophy of life, and represent the mood that appeals strongest to our own pragmatic generation.

As noted above, Sellar lays great emphasis upon the poet’s self-dependence or self-sufficiency, which he regards as the central quality in the character of Horace and the chief source of his moral and intellectual power. True, there is a residual something, a quality of the soul enduring through all vicissitudes of

life, that seems to determine the poet's relation to the outer world, to rise supreme over the accidents of fortune. Horace was the last person in the world to attempt a subtle analysis of his own psychology. His reflection does not go much deeper than the sparkling surface of his Bandusian spring. He disclaims lofty themes, as unfit for his muse. He is objective rather than subjective. His odes embody his reflection aroused by the occasion of the moment. So far as he was conscious of his psychology, the present brought with it its own enjoyment and its own responsibility. To this present moment he responded with sincerity and enthusiasm. He sought nothing beyond. The present was moral enough for him. To live was the supreme thing. Heaven itself cannot undo what the fleeting hour has carried away. This strikes me as the strong note in Horace's odes. This attitude involves the naive conception that the world is essentially good. But, of course, back of this relation is an ego that reacts on each special occasion. This ego was not to Horace the chief concern; but it was there, and to it belonged the quality that Sellar calls self-sufficiency. It was the balance-wheel that restrained from undue excess. It was the moral contribution of the self to the essential morality of the world. His faith in the sufficiency of the present hour established a self-reliance with which he met each new experience. He seemed to be equally happy in society or in seclusion. He was not fettered to any single philosophical system, but freely elected from all. His reconciliation with Octavian is a marked indication of self-sufficiency rather than of self-distrust. And though he warned Pollio to avoid the embers that smoulder beneath the treacherous ashes, he straightway disregarded his own advice and praised Cato, the uncompromising opponent of the new order represented by Octavian,—an act born of serene self-assurance. Toward death, the invincible, and Pluto, the tearless, his attitude was one of calm resignation. He would not seek to know what the future had in store for him, yet if it were evil he would not cringe before it. This attitude, it seems to me, represents the Horace of the odes, even though earlier in his career he showed signs of being out of sympathy with his environment.

The happy union of the foregoing qualities contributes in great measure to the poet's attitude toward the simple life. His acceptance of the standards of the simple life is the more remarkable in that he lived in an age of luxury. Rome's conquests had filled the city with slaves, had opened up the markets for the importation of dainties, and the upper classes had given themselves over to the pursuit of pleasure. In the extreme refinement of this pursuit the simpler and old-fashioned pleasures had failed to satisfy, and novelties were sought from the ends of the world. The result was that to many life became a burden and relief was had by suicide. Nowhere else in our poet is the note so sincere as when he touches upon this phase of life:—

“What does the poet ask of Apollo at the dedication of his new temple? What is his prayer as he pours out the new wine from the bowl? Not for the fruitful crops of fertile Sardinia, not for the cattle of sultry Calabria, not for the gold and ivory of India, not for the fields washed by the silent Liris with its quiet waters. Those whom fortune favors may have their choice wines, the merchant may have his golden bowls; but as for me my fare is of olives, of endives, and of wholesome mallows. Grant, I pray thee, O Apollo, that I may enjoy my present store, may be strong in body and pure in mind and pass an old age without disgrace and not deprived of my lyre.”

“You cannot call him truly happy who possesses much; more rightly does he claim the name of happy who knows how to use wisely heaven's gifts and to submit to poverty.”

“Let the boy made sturdy through warfare learn to endure the restraints of poverty in friendly spirit, let him pass his life in the open and in danger.”

Or he laments that the youth of his day are not as were they of former times, when the “sons of peasant soldiers were taught to turn the sod and at the bidding of a stern mother to cut the wood and bring it in”. He rejoices that no ivory or gilded ceiling or columns of costly marble adorn his house and that, although he is poor, he is courted by the rich. More than this he does not ask, and then he considers that sorriest of human spectacles, an old man hoarding up wealth:—

"Are you while on the edge of your grave letting contracts for hewing marble and building palaces, all heedless of the tomb? No more certain home awaits the greedy lord than the destined house of death."

He knows the lesson of self-denial and the blessing of poverty:—

"The more each will deny himself, the more will he receive from heaven; I, empty-handed, seek the camp of those who desire nothing and as a deserter I long to leave the army of the rich. I am a more princely master of wealth which they despise than if I should be renowned for storing in my granary all the harvests of Apulia and be poor in the midst of great riches. I shall extend my scant revenues better by restricting my desires than if Lydia and Persia were mine. To him who seeks much, much is lacking. Happy is he upon whom God has bestowed with sparing hand that which is just sufficient.

"A little suffices for him on whose frugal table shines the ancestral salt-cellar, and fear and greedy desire dispel not his sleep. Why do we, since life is short, so boldly strive for wealth? Why do we seek lands lighted by a foreign sun? Who that fled from his country likewise fled from himself?"

Horace had learned through experience that the sources of true happiness are not dependent on station or environment. Out of his recognition of this fact have arisen the serene independence and the contentment with which he meets the vicissitudes of life. More clearly than others he saw the causes of the evils of his age. His remedy, while interesting, may appear about as impracticable as sumptuary legislation has generally proved:—

"Let us bring all our wealth to the Capitol to be dedicated to the gods, or let us cast into the nearest sea our jewels and precious stones and useless gold, the root of all evil, if we truly repent of our sins."

We must by this time have anticipated Horace's attitude toward the world of nature. The simplicity of his character found in nature a sympathetic companion. He lived close to her and loved her. If he brought to his communion with nature some bit of scholarly learning, his love for her is not for this reason

diminished. It is the sincerity of his feeling that has made the picture of his Bandusian spring one of his best known odes.<sup>2</sup> It has been charmingly, if freely, rendered by Eugene Field:—

"O fountain of Bandusia!  
 Whence crystal waters flow  
 With garlands gay and wine I'll pay  
 The sacrifice I owe:  
 A sportive kid with budding horns  
 I have, whose crimson blood  
 Anon shall dye and sanctify  
 Thy cool and babbling flood.  
 O fountain of Bandusia!  
 The Dog Star's hateful spell  
 No evil brings into the springs  
 That from thy bosom well;  
 Here oxen, wearied by the plough,  
 The roving cattle here  
 Hasten in quest of certain rest  
 And quaff thy gracious cheer.  
 O fountain of Bandusia!  
 Ennobled shalt thou be,  
 For I shall sing the joys that spring  
 Beneath yon ilex-tree.  
 Yes, fountain of Bandusia,  
 Posterity shall know  
 The cooling brooks that from thy nooks  
 Singing and dancing go."

There is present near the close of the ode a suggestion that the poet rejoices because his art has discovered an opportunity for the exercise of its power, but this is subordinated to the genuine sincerity of his joy in this lovely spring. There were places rich in literary and historic traditions, as sunny Rhodes, sea-girt Corinth, Thebes, Delphi, Argos, abounding in horses, and Thessalian Tempe, that might have tempted his muse, but he is truer to his love of nature for her own sake, in preferring to sing the beauty that lay round about him, as of the resounding Albunea, the downrushing Anio, the grove of Tiburnus, and the orchards watered by the swift streams. The objective character of his mind found in the immediate a complete satisfaction. He likes no artificial adornment of nature. The simple myrtle is more pleasing than the rose whose forced cultivation may

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<sup>2</sup> *Carmina*, 3, 13.



delay its departure. He laments that the artificial ponds are leaving few acres for the plough, and that olive-orchards are making way for violet and myrtle beds.

The charms of returning spring and the melancholy suggestiveness of the flight of the seasons arouse his muse:—

“The snows have fled, the grass is returning to the fields and the leaves to the trees; earth is passing through her changes and the streams no longer overflow their banks. The frost yields to the warm winds, summer is pressing hard upon spring, destined itself to die as soon as autumn pours forth her fruits and soon the sluggish winter returns.”

The fact that all things are transitory demands that we hasten to enjoy nature while we may:—

“The flowers of spring have not always the same beauty, the moon does not shine with constant light, so why do we not lie beneath yon tall plane-tree or pine, and with locks scented with rose drink our wine?”

He finds in nature close correspondences with the moods of man. One should not always mourn the loss of a friend,—

“just as the rain does not pour forth always from the clouds upon the fields, or blasts disturb the Caspian Sea, or ice stand motionless on mountain-slopes, or oak-forests struggle in the north wind, or ash-trees part with their foliage.”

“As the clearing wind oft drives the clouds from the darkened sky and it does not rain forever, so do you, if you are wise, end the sorrows and labor of life with mellow wine.”

Our discussion has so far regarded the broader aspects of Horace's thought and style. But it is the personal note of the odes more than any other that has contributed to the general favor in which his work is held. He frankly sets his portrait within his verse for the reader to behold. This is but one more indication of his serenity and of his implicit confidence in the judgment of the world. He is just as ready to exhibit some foible or folly of his own as some virtue. He frankly apologizes to a lady to whom once he had sent offensive verses. He tells us that he was hot-headed in his youth. He laughs away his conduct at Philippi. He makes merry over his in-

creasing age and whitening hair. His charming personality is reflected in the light of various episodes. Once he is startled by a peal of thunder coming out of a clear sky. It sets him thinking and he remembers that he has strayed from the worship of the gods and has followed a foolish philosophy. He resolves to reform and in characteristic fashion reflects on the power of the gods to bring down the high and exalt the low. Who that has read it can ever forget the delightful personality revealed in the *Integer vitae*?<sup>2</sup> As he was wandering care-free in the Sabine wood singing of his sweetheart Lalage, a wolf met him and slunk away from him, although he was quite unarmed, —because he was pure in life and untainted with sin, and had the charm of his sweetheart's name upon his lips. He concludes:—

“If you place me on sluggish fields where no tree is refreshed by a summer's breeze, a region overhung by clouds and a sullen sky, or if you place me under the chariot of the sun that comes too near the earth, in a land denied to homes, I shall love my sweetly smiling, sweetly prattling Lalage.”

Great events may happen beyond the ken of the busy world. Horace was one day walking on his little farm when he was almost struck by a falling tree. The importance of this event increased with time:—

“It was an unlucky day on which you were planted, O tree, and he who did it reared you to the destruction of his descendants and to the scandal of the neighborhood. I may well believe that he strangled his father and killed his guest and dealt in deadly poisons, he who first planted you, O naughty tree, destined to fall upon the head of your unoffending master.”

That Horace was duly impressed with this event is indicated by his conduct upon its first anniversary. The event had occurred upon the first of March, a day sacred to married women only, who on this day had sacrifices and ceremonies to perform. Yet on this anniversary, behold Horace, a bachelor, provided

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<sup>2</sup> *Carmina*, I, 22.

with flowers and full incense-box, preparing for a sacrifice. He reminds his astonished friends that this is the day that he was almost killed by the fall of the tree, and he proposes always to celebrate the day and bids Mæcenas join the festivity that they may drink and keep the lights burning all night long. If we may judge from these and similar instances, the poet had a lively personal concern even in commonplace affairs. Nothing human was alien to him.

We may in this connection consider the quality of the numerous love odes of Horace. I cannot share in the criticism often aimed at these odes. The charge is made that they lack sincerity, that they show no unwavering loyalty to a single love, and that the poet seems to regard love as a matter to be trifled with. I cannot think of Horace as insincere. He threw himself so heartily into the spirit of the moment that this present became for him the genuine reality. His love-affairs were entirely sincere so long as they lasted. Too many have allowed themselves to be deceived by Horace's light manner in approaching this subject, as well as others, and fail to recognize that a depth of genuine feeling may lie beneath a gay exterior. A doleful countenance was not to Horace a condition of sincerity. The fact that he employs Greek names for his loves is a bit of conventionality, but I see no reason why it should indicate that his experience was unreal, any more than that he uses Greek metres, or even uses poetry at all. It is not necessary to assume for each poetic outburst a specific case of love, but back of the odes as a whole I do not doubt that there had been an experience of considerable depth and variety. The universal appeal made by these odes is amply proved by the fact that they have aroused the muse of poets so opposite as the serious and puritanical Milton and the light-hearted Eugene Field. I venture to assert that the odes to Pyrrha and Chloe never impress the young reader as insincere. The insincere man is the one who is not moved by the shy and dainty Chloe. The sweet influence of Lalage in averting harm from her love was no idle fiction to the poet. Love itself may be a stormy sea and the lady's favor a fickle breeze, the gods may change and the plighted word be broken, but for the poet the experience has been real. The sacred

wall and its votive tablet and dripping garments are sufficient proof of that. The poet's attitude on this theme is sometimes impersonal. At a safe distance he views the pranks of love. He admonishes Albius not to grieve so much for his faithless Glycera, for Venus must have her cruel sport. Then, since misery loves company, he relates his own experience:—

“As for me myself, when a better love was seeking me,  
Myrtale, a freedwoman, captivated me and I have since found  
out that she is wilder than the waves of the Adriatic.”

He sometimes resolves to lay aside all thought of woman's love since he has arrived at the years of discretion, but his resolution is shaken at the sight of a Glycera's seductive face. The poet seems to have gained some understanding of femininity, and we may justify his warning to Asterie not to look with pleased eye upon her accomplished neighbor, forgetting the one who is far away. The quarrel of the two lovers is an interesting psychological study. Three times the man advances to the attack and three times the woman beautifully counter-attacks. His first effort is to cite an instance of her infidelity. She replies in language that is in outward form tantalizingly like his own but perhaps in woman-fashion several degrees stronger, for she cites not merely a single instance of infidelity on his part, but shows that his faithlessness had gone so far that he was inflamed with another love. The youth's next attempt is to make her jealous:—

“The Thracian Chloe now rules my passion and she knows  
how to sing and play, and for her I would not be afraid to  
die, if the fates shall spare her.”

The young man was not so well versed in feminine ways as was Horace. Her reply is vigorous:—

“Calais, the son of Thurine Ornytus, inflames me in a  
mutual love and for him I would gladly die twice, if the  
fates shall spare him.”

While she uses the same weapons that he offers she puts an added edge upon them, particularly in the use of the word *mutual*. He changes his whole line of attack and in an altered tone entreats:—

"What if our former love should return and should unite us in bonds unbreakable? What if the golden-haired Chloe should be cast off and the door open for my slighted Lydia?"

Again she is not outdone:—

"Although Calais is more beautiful than a star and you more fickle than cork and more tempestuous than the raging Adriatic, I would prefer to live with you, I would gladly die for you."

She rejects Calais, the man of respectability, the handsome and reliable, and in his stead she takes this fickle and stormy lover. All conventional standards are set aside and her love rises supreme. Thus does Horace interpret the heart of a woman.

Enough has been said to indicate that the note of humanity in Horace is strong. The varied concerns of a personal nature had from him a ready response. The theme of his song may be a tree overhanging his home, an obscure fountain, a coy or a lovelorn maiden, a country-girl offering a modest sacrifice, a quarrel of two lovers, a sudden peal of thunder, the loss of a friend, and so on through a large variety of interests.

But the comprehensive genius of Horace was not limited to these smaller and more personal concerns. He recognized the full meaning of the imperialistic idea as it was developing before his eyes. In his youth he had opposed imperialism, but, taught through experience, gave it the support of his art. The emperor called upon him, as if he were a poet-laureate, to honor the members of the imperial household. With this request Horace complied, not perfunctorily, but with an inspiration worthy of the great deeds accomplished by the emperor and his household. In the greatness of imperialistic triumphs, personal sorrows may be forgotten. Horace calls upon Valgius to cease his laments for a lost friend; "rather", said he,—

"let us sing the new trophies of Cæsar and of the rivers and mountains of the far east that have been subdued to the Roman dominion and of the Scythians who have been restrained."

Rarely, if ever, in praising the new greatness of Rome, does Horace depart far from the greatness that centres in Augustus.

The imperialistic idea requires an emperor and he becomes a symbol by whose virtue the empire flourishes. Without him the empire would fall. The imperialistic strain in Horace, accordingly, resolves itself largely into exalted eulogies of Augustus and his household. Nor can I share the views, again, of those who contend that in these eulogies Horace is insincere. We must not measure his psychology by our own. His temperament was such that the feeling of the moment took the place of reality. To us who live in a democracy the tribute paid to the emperor of course seems exaggerated, but, given a state of peace and prosperity following a revolution of a hundred years, with law and order replacing anarchy, in the eyes of an impressionable people like the Italians, the exalted tribute paid to one symbolizing the restored law should cause little surprise. Says Horace:—

“The gracious gods have given nothing greater or better to earth nor shall they give, although the times revert to the golden age.”

Cæsar is the vicegerent of Jupiter on earth, rightfully claiming the rule over the world as Jupiter on Olympus. The poet suspects that he may be a god ruling the Romans in disguise and begs him not to return to the skies offended by their faults. No one need fear tumult or a violent death while Cæsar rules the world. On one occasion Augustus made a campaign in the north, and although expecting to return soon to Rome, had been delayed. To him Horace writes thus:—

“O thou descended from the gracious gods, thou excellent guardian of the race of Romulus, too long hast thou been absent; since thou didst promise an early return to the sacred council of fathers, return! O gracious leader, bring back the light to thy country; for when thy face like the spring gives light to the people, the day is more charming and the sun shines fairer. As a mother with prayers and entreaties invokes her absent son, so thy country smitten by faithful longings seeks Cæsar. For the ox wanders safely through the pastures, Ceres and kindly Plenty nourish the fields, the sailors fly here and there over a sea that is now peaceful, honor shrinks from outrage, the chaste home is polluted by no debauchery, and punishment follows hard



upon guilt. Who would fear the Parthians or Scythians or Germans while Cæsar is safe? 'Mayest thou, O gracious leader, bring a long holiday to Hesperia,' we say early in the morning while our lips are yet dry and again when flushed with wine as the sun goes down beneath the ocean."

It was the Rome of peace that appealed most to Horace's muse. The camp, the mingling sound of bugle and trumpet, and hateful wars had no interest for him. But it was Cæsar's high merit that had restored the plentiful crops to the fields, had closed the temple of Janus, had punished the guilty and recalled the ancient arts through which the Latin name and the Italian might had increased, and the fame and the majesty of the empire had been extended from the rising to the setting of the sun.

Differing from Vergil, Horace had no clear vision of the great future of Rome nor did he look backward into the period of conquest and wars to find his inspiration. As in his personal life he felt no need to speculate upon the end the gods may have designed for him and found the real meaning of life in the enjoyment of the present day rather than in the faint hope promised by the morrow, so in the larger national life it is the idealized present that he glorifies, when peace and prosperity are restored, when virtue is resplendent in unsullied honors and justice again sits upon a throne unshaken by the winds of passion and by the thunderbolts of an angry Jupiter. But, again, as in his personal life a moral principle guides him in the enjoyment of its blessings, so in the larger national life he recognizes as the essential conditions of the greatness of Rome the virtues of endurance, industry, honor, temperance, piety, and chastity. And since the Rome of his day had fallen so far short of the realization of these virtues he assumes the rôle of censor and rebukes his fellow-countrymen for their degeneracy. In Augustus, the symbol of the empire, he sees restoration, salvation, unity, and strength, but when he speaks of Rome apart from Augustus, he is painfully aware of her delinquencies. Augustus is the ideal standing out in strong contrast with the actual Rome. Augustus, says Horace, reclining with the gods, will quaff the nectar, but the poet's contemporaries are worse

than the generation of their fathers and are destined soon to produce a more vicious progeny:—

“Quid leges sine moribus  
Vanae proficiunt? . . .”<sup>4</sup>

What profit is there in empty laws unless character is present? And so, a self-appointed censor, he sought to inculcate the principles of true greatness in order that the moral fibre of Rome might correspond to the authority and majesty of the emperor. It is this mood of the poet that determines the true significance of all his other moods. It is this that gives consistency to the great variety of his themes, both serious and gay. Life is good in essence and is intended for enjoyment. Yet in that enjoyment there are principles of morality to be maintained. Horace is a priest of the Muses singing to youth songs never heard before. His was an exalted mission. This was his own interpretation, and I see no reason why we should seek to change it.

As Horace wrote there came to his ears the echoes of a mighty conflict, the threatening blare of trumpets, and the shouts of men. As we read his verses to-day there are still echoes of war abroad in the world. Out of the tumult of nations and the strife of men, we may do well to pause and contemplate the monument of the Horatian spirit, symbol of good cheer, of contentment, of loyalty to friends, of faithful adherence to duty, which continues to defy the ravages of the years and the flight of time.

ARTHUR L. KEITH.

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<sup>4</sup> *Carmina*, 3, 24, 35-36.

## BOOK REVIEWS

THE RESCUE. By Joseph Conrad. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. 1920. Pp. 401.

What *is* a good novel? Remembering, with Professor Phelps, that "definitions are dangerous", and, with Oscar Wilde, that "to define is to limit", we may yet agree, with Henry James, that—

"A novel is, in its broadest definition, a personal, a direct impression of life: that . . . constitutes its value, which is greater or less according to the intensity of the impression."

Or, again, we may accept the view of another American novelist, James Lane Allen, that—

"The novel is a long artistic prose work of the creative imagination which, by the use of ideas lying within the experience of mankind, attains its desired effect of arousing great and varied emotion."

For ourselves, we should define the novel as an artistically conceived and plotted interpretative analysis (whether realistic, naturalistic, impressionistic, idyllic or romantic in method), in extended prose form, of some human experience or experiences, skilfully and sympathetically mediated through the imagination of a great personality; or, again, as a comprehensive fictional reaction to some especially interesting aspect or problem in the welter of life. The true novel requires keen observation, a high order of imagination, both vicarious and gregarious sympathy, the humor bred of tolerance, and an intelligibly articulated theory of life.

The work of Joseph Conrad (known during his boyhood in the Ukraine as Teodor Josef Konrad Karzeniowski) satisfies all of these definitions and requirements. It is deeply and sincerely imaginative; it has style in Pater's sense of the word; it has its own coherent philosophy, which, if reminiscent of Hamlet's irony, is reminiscent also of his sympathy, of his courage, and of his inalienable loyalty to that great monitor which men call honor. Since the appearance of *Almayer's Folly*, in 1895; *The Nigger of*

*the Narcissus*, in 1898 ("his most perfect work", as Hugh Walpole asserts; "he alone has ever written such a book", declares Richard Curle); and *Lord Jim*, in 1900, this famous Polish Englishman, now sixty-three years of age, has produced, in general, a cumulatively powerful series of novels, especially successful, perhaps, in *Typhoon*, *Nostromo*, *The Secret Agent*, *Chance*, *Victory*, and *The Shadow-Line*, besides those mentioned above, and now in this stern, strong book whose subsidiary title is "A Romance of the Shallows".

Conrad's heroes are nearly always quiet men of a rare simplicity, the slow revelation of whose soul-processes constitutes both the essence of his stories and the extraordinary emotional inspiration of his tone or quality. In the present novel, Captain Tom Lingard, known as "King Tom," "Rajah-Laut", etc., is recognized by Mrs. Travers,—a highly complex yet "imperfectly civilized" woman, both his complement and his antithesis,—as possessing "true greatness", as "a limpid soul". These are the two chief characters, brought face to face in Malayan waters and jungles through a strange accident of fate, which hinders and at last prevents the execution of a gallant and honorable adventure to which Lingard had committed himself on behalf of a deposed native chief, Rajah Hassim, before the stranding of the Travers's yacht brought into his life unknown and unwanted people. It equally complicates and endangers the very existence of these enforced sojourners in the Shallows. Honor and passion contend for the mastery, as the days go by, and although the battle is balanced, seemingly, honor is at last not indeed forsaken yet foregone, through another accident (yet "what is an accident?" asks Lingard), a series of accidents, rather, which serve, ironically, as symbols both of Lingard's unconscious forgetfulness of his trust and of Mrs. Travers's willing-unwilling recognition and refusal of her power to confirm his spirit in its own high sense of truth.

Through six parts does this intricate plot of motives and cross-motives, of danger and death, unfold itself. The intimate characterizations of the 'savage' figures, on the one hand, with whom Lingard has cast his life, and, on the other hand, of the husband of Mrs. Travers, his Spanish friend d'Alcacer, the

young seaman Carter, and Jorgensen, a disillusioned ancient, are as consummately wrought as anything elsewhere in Conrad's work. And we have here the same grave, stoic dignity of style, with its subtle cadences and affirming iterations. Indeed, the manner of Conrad's novels is the major part of the secret of their power, his remarkable interweaving of romance with realism, his atmospheric symbols and portents, his brooding subjectivism. It is interesting to observe the effects he creates through the use of what we may call negation-words in in-, im- and ir-, particularly the words 'imperishable', 'invulnerable', 'irresistible', 'incredible', 'incomprehensible', 'impassive', 'impenetrable', 'inscrutable', 'inconceivable', 'immobile', 'imperceptible', 'intolerable', 'inflexible', 'indefinable' and, through page after page in all his work, 'immense' and 'immensity'. Even the Malayan princess who serves as a foil to Mrs. Travers is named Immada. There is a color, a savor, in these and kindred words which Mr. Conrad very delicately perceives to be indispensable to the creation of his haunting twilights and darkening menaces.

The correspondences in the several 'folds' of the plot are skilfully suggested, and the prophetic incidents and focus-moments complete and justify the considered, detailed patterning of a master.

Conrad's own words, in *A Personal Record*, may serve to imply the more experiential grounds of his ability as a literary artist. He speaks of—

"... the intimacy and the strain of a creative effort in which mind and will and conscience are engaged to the full, hour after hour, day after day, away from the world and all that makes life really lovable and gentle—something for which a material parallel can only be found in the everlasting sombre stress of the westward winter passage round Cape Horn. For that, too, is the wrestling of men with the might of their Creator, in a great isolation from the world, without the amenities and consolations of life, a lonely struggle under a sense of overmatched littleness for no reward that could be adequate, but for the mere winning of a longitude."

If *The Arrow of Gold* (1919) left something to seek, *The Rescue*, we think, is Conrad at his best. Like *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, *Lord Jim* and *Nostramo*, it is fully worthy of his great gifts and his finely disciplined powers.

G. H. C.

LUCILIUS AND HORACE: A STUDY IN THE CLASSICAL THEORY OF IMITATION. By George Converse Fiske, Associate Professor of Latin, The University of Wisconsin. Madison: University of Wisconsin Studies in Language and Literature. 1920. Pp. 524.

Within the past twenty years so much work has been done on the fragments of Lucilius that it is now possible to estimate with some accuracy the debt Horace owes to the older satirist, as well as their common debt to Bion and other Greeks with whom the *genre* may be said to have originated. When one has inherited the same literary tradition, its material, standards, ideals, technique even, the problem of retaining his own independence and originality can be solved only by a great artist. How Horace achieved this, while at the same time he carried on the Lucilian tradition, and how imitation need not necessarily entail plagiarism or loss of originality, are ably set forth in Professor Fiske's discussion. The classical theory of imitation, he explains, makes for the improvement of the *genre* and the production of masterpieces. The conceptions of rhetorical imitation "circulate through and animate all the literary *genres* of the ancients: epic, tragedy, comedy, elegy, the pastoral, the philosophic dialogue, the scientific treatise. They do not confine the human spirit in a strait-jacket, as would at first seem to be the case to us moderns, with our romantic theories of 'expression', 'originality', 'spontaneity'. We may rather compare their effect to such physical systems as the circulation of the blood or the nervous system, which condition and animate the most varied types of physical activity. So these æsthetic systems suffuse and animate the human spirit in its task of expressing in enduring forms the ideals of truth and beauty."—(p. 267). Horace followed Lucilius except in style, and we should regard him "as an author, who gathered the themes of many of his satires as Shakespeare did the plots of his plays; who then, following the broad outlines of his Lucilian themes, transmitted them and contemporized them with such perfection of literary art as to mirror in his satires and epistles both the everyday life and the higher æsthetic and social ideals of the Augustan age."—(p. 28).

Beginning with the wider subject of the ancient theory of imitation and the development of the various *genres* that appeal



to the satirist and the poet of daily life, and continuing with a most plausible account of the relations of the Greeks—especially the Stoics—to Lucilius and the Scipionic circle, the writer clears the field for action, and proceeds to take up in detail the satires, letters, and *Ars Poetica* of Horace. Worth noting is the greater independence of Horace in the second book of the *Satires*. Finally, a chapter is given over to the comparison of the ancient theory of æsthetics with the romantic creed of more modern times, with its reaction from the artificialities of neo-classicism; and the questions are formulated as to what is the true theory of imitation and the true sense of decorum in literary art. Perhaps a stronger brief might be made for the romanticist, but the argument of the book as a whole is convincing, and the method sound. It is sure to rank among the most valuable contributions in recent years to the understanding study of Roman satire, and lovers of Horace will feel grateful for the notes—almost genealogical—on his satires and for this scholarly vindication of his literary methods.

J. B. E.

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UN GRAND ESPAGNOL, APÔTRE DU DROIT DES PEUPLES: EMILIO CASTELAR. Par E. Varagnac. Paris: Bloud et Gay, Editeurs.

In the days when the young Spanish-American republics were regarded with contempt and irritation by the mother-country whose tutelage they had wisely dispensed with, and with something like amused scepticism by the rest of Europe, it was a Spaniard who encouraged them and believed in them. In the days when Europeans in general saw in the United States of America an aggregation of shrewd but vulgar money-getters, it was a Spaniard who perceived the latent idealism the existence of which has been made manifest in the world-crisis which he foresaw decades before it burst. In the days when England and France were still chewing at the bitter cud of their ancestral grudge, it was a Spaniard who urged the *entente* as necessary even for the welfare of neighboring peoples. In the days, well before 1870, when the world in general was lauding the sterling virtues of the Teuton, an eloquent Spanish publicist warned Europe against the Habsburgs and the Hohenzollerns, in terms

of prophecy so just that it is hard to believe that they were uttered fifty years ago. Emilio Castelar was a rhetorical idealist, who spent his life in discussing public questions while others held office and faced them, but the majority of the measures championed by the Murcian orator have since prevailed.

Castelar was well known and much admired in the United States during his lifetime, and a portion of his voluminous writings even appeared in English before it was published in Spanish; but for one reason or another no life of him seems yet to have been written by an American. His French friend, E. Varagnac, has just now produced an admiring but temperate discussion of his work and influence, which, although it dwells at length on his special friendship for France, is sufficiently catholic in its treatment to make profitable reading for Americans. Castelar's was a very simple life and theory, after all, and easily presented. Free-trader, abolitionist, republican as he was, all of his doctrines and movements, small and great, were determined by the desire to secure to the greatest possible number of his fellow-mortals the highest possible degree of liberty which was consistent with general justice. He was no iconoclast, no anarchist, no Socialist even; for all his Southern floridity of eloquence, he was one of the sanest and most conservative enthusiasts the world has known. Add to this the constant moral preoccupation which made him, in his own phrase, "the conscience of the nation",—he was a democrat not chiefly for any reason of expediency, but because democracy is the own child of Christianity,—and the resulting personality must be approved as well as admired. M. Varagnac's book is for the most part, indeed, a eulogy; but eulogies such as his are on such occasion justified.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

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HANDBOOK OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT. By William H. Bartlett. Revised and Enlarged Edition by Henry Campbell Black. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 1920. Pp. ix, 162.

We have not seen, in our pedagogical experience, a more useful little volume of its kind. The powers and limitations of each of the three branches of our national government and the relations between the national and the state governments are clearly,

briefly, yet adequately, defined. The book is an excellent commentary on the Constitution and on its eighteen amendments. Clear explanations of constitutional or legal terminology place the understanding of our governmental system within the reach of all. An appendix contains the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, chosen topics and questions for study, and a list of useful books for the further investigation of our government. There is a capital index. S. L. WARE.

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IBSEN IN ENGLAND. By Miriam Franc. Boston: The Four Seas Company. 1919. Pp. 195.

This is a useful little book, less so in point of style than as regards organization and content. Ibsen's influence made its way slowly at first in England, but the intelligent and faithful propaganda in behalf of the great Norwegian's work, conducted by such men as Edmund Gosse and William Archer, at length broke down opposing prejudices, to the steady betterment of contemporary English drama. Nine out of the ten essays of any importance on Ibsen produced in England between 1872 and 1879 were written by Gosse. In 1880 Ibsen was still practically unknown there, but by 1889 his eventual acceptance was assured. William Archer's famous translations, which he began in 1880 and approximately completed in 1908, and the translator's sturdy battles in defence and exposition of his friend Ibsen, against such opponents as Clement Scott, J. F. Nesbit, Alfred Watson, Marie Corelli, *et al.*, quickened much the rising interest alike of critics, dramatists and public. Other supporters whose word helped win Ibsen's way were Arthur Bingham Walkley, Addison Bright, E. F. Spence, Joseph Knight, Arthur Symons, George Moore and Henry James. The chief credit as literary and dramatic prophets, however, should go to Gosse and Archer. Then, too, came George Bernard Shaw into the lists—that 'Hibernian edition of Ibsen'—with his ready acceptance and challenging espousal of the master; an espousal which, we fear, if not too enthusiastic, is at least too carelessly combative, too neglectfully point-missing, in his book, *The Quintessence of Ibsenism*.

The most important chapter among the seven which make up Miss Franc's book is that which deals with Ibsen's influence upon the contemporary English drama. It exhibits study and thoughtful deduction. Miss Franc rightly finds that Pinero, Jones, Shaw and Galsworthy stand in the central stream of Ibsen's influence, although the last-named receives that influence as filtered through Hauptmann. She finds also that Ibsen "was a dramatic reformer who ventilated the theatre with draughts of fresh thought. He swept from the stage the false sentimentality and moral shams that had reigned there." "The modern social drama was born with Ibsen." He "brought to the English stage a spirit of iconoclasm, the use of realism, symbolism, the drama of social ideas and an unexcelled technique." For ourselves, we should say that Ibsen's work shows a really extraordinary power to equilibrate the three prime interests of modern drama, which we should designate as subjectivism, symbolism (especially, of course, in his riper plays), and socialism (in the sense of a fresh preoccupation with questions of social reform). Miss Franc rather over-estimates, we think, his influence, considerable as it was, upon the Irish dramatic revival.

Regrettable slips in syntax, style and even spelling occur on pages 31, 33, 41, 50, 74, etc. Chapter Six, dealing with "Parodies and Sequels", appears for the most part critically superfluous.

G. H. C.

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AMERICA AND THE NEW ERA. A Symposium on Social Reconstruction. Edited by Elisha M. Friedman. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1920. Pp. xxx, 500.

The number of scientifically written books on reconstruction now appearing in our country is an encouraging sign to those of us who are asking ourselves whether the public spirit, the national thrift and the administrative efficiency pushed forward and developed in our midst by the World War, will continue, in some measure at least, to animate our civic body.

Nowhere does mere caste count for less than with us. Nowhere has social—and not merely political—democracy been pushed so far. Yet powerfully organized unions, both of capitalists and of workingmen, threaten the welfare of the rest of

us as nowhere else in the world, for nowhere else have these, and other group interests, been allowed so free a field to tyrannize over collective interests. Again, nowhere do government and administration lag farther behind the new and recognized needs of society. We have changed from a predominantly agricultural and sparsely settled community, with abounding natural resources, to a predominantly industrial and urban community, in which our national heritage has been largely dissipated, or has passed without compensation into private hands. Yet we have neither a responsible (or parliamentary) form of government, nor a budget system, nor an adequate civil service, nor a land policy, and, in these respects, we are one of the most backward peoples on earth.

These conditions, and the many sociological, administrative, educational and hygienic questions raised by them, are discussed by Mr. Friedman and his collaborators in the series of twenty-eight essays which constitute the present volume, itself a sequel to an earlier symposium on the economic and financial aspects of reconstruction, also edited by Mr. Friedman.

Obviously, with so many contributors—there are twenty-seven, not counting the editor himself—the chapters are of unequal merit. Yet, as a whole, this book will give the reader a saner, clearer and more hopeful outlook on American social and political life and will leave him much the better for the reading.

The work comprises five divisions. To the first, "Perspectives, Social and Political", Herbert Hoover contributes a striking "Foreword", while the editor himself surveys the field to be covered and defines the problems. In the second part, "Social Progress *versus* Cycles of Change", Professor Warner Fite has a most suggestive essay on "Individualism in the New Social Order". In the third part, "Some Economic Aspects of Social Problems", the most valuable contributions are perhaps that of the veteran economist, Richard T. Ely, on "An American Land Policy", and that of Frederic C. Howe on "The Immigrant and America". In the fourth part, "The New Nationalism", Dr. Edward A. Fitzpatrick writes an impressive and warning monograph on "Social Progress and Political Administration", in which he points out that in America we train

men for all callings except the public service. The fifth part, "The Conservation of Human Resources", is the most valuable portion of the book, not only because all the contributions are of high merit and interesting *per se*, but also because this field is least known to the majority of readers, comprising as it does heredity, eugenics, hygiene (public and industrial), child-study, recreation, etc.

The book is furnished with a very full analytical table of contents and a good index. S. L. WARE.

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ENGLISH LITERATURE. By John Louis Haney. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Howe. 1920. Pp. xii, 452.

This attractively printed and illustrated textbook is intended for the use of high-school pupils. Although without distinction of style, it is written in a pleasant, rather loose manner that tries to avoid tedium. The introduction—"What is Literature?"—is too brief to be very useful and does not reach sufficiently definite conclusions. The organization of the treatment is good, and balance is, in general, maintained, but too many of the judgments are unpleasantly positive or critically unsound, especially in the case of the character of Bacon, the discussion of Shakespeare's central tragedies, the appraisal of the poetry of Shelley, Tennyson and Browning; and particularly the paragraphs on several of the contemporary poets and novelists.

Touching George Eliot, one is puzzled by the meaning of this comment on page 371:—

"Much of her contemporary fame was due to the fact that after the death of Thackeray and Dickens she was quite properly regarded as the leading living novelist."

And why, we may ask, is George Eliot, on the one hand, condemned for "permitting a pessimistic strain to pervade most of her work", and thus inviting "the comparative neglect from which she now suffers", while on the other hand, although—

"Mr. Hardy is a stern realist and in his novels looks upon life with a pessimism that is well-nigh hopeless, yet he is much admired for the setting he has given to his tragic tales.



... His characters . . . fulfill their destiny in a manner that often suggests the fatalism of the Greek drama."—(p. 374).

Dr. Haney hardly does well to dismiss these writers as pessimists, and to hail Browning as an optimist. Both these expressions seem facile and unconsidered. To possess and reproduce artistic melancholy need not involve one in philosophic pessimism, and it were much truer to recognize Browning as a meliorist.

G. H. C.

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COLONIAL PROSE AND POETRY. Edited by William P. Trent and Benjamin W. Wells. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. Pp. 1626.

Students of history, as well as lovers of literature, will heartily welcome this new impression of a standard three-volume anthology of Colonial prose and poetry which has long been before the public, but which its editors now present to us in a most convenient, compact and inexpensive one-volume edition printed on thin paper.

The editors have deserved well of the public in sifting a vast mass of curious, rare and often forgotten material, and in making the best of it so readily accessible. Many readers will be surprised to find our Colonial writings so rich in adventure, so instructive and so full of interesting details disclosing our early social and economic life; and so revelatory of the high, even if narrow, thinking of our Colonial forefathers.

Some fifty authors are represented in the collection. Each of the three periodical divisions of the book is prefaced by an admirable general introduction, and to each author are devoted a special commentary and a brief biography.

S. L. WARE.

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THE INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY ON THE VOCABULARY OF OLD ENGLISH POETRY. By Albert Keiser. Urbana: University of Illinois Studies in Language and Literature, Volume V, Numbers 1 and 2. 1919. Pp. 150.

"In undertaking to present the influence of Christianity on the vocabulary of Old English poetry, we have attempted for Old English what Raumer and Kahle have done for Old High German and Old Norse." Such is the purpose of this monograph as expressed by the author. To accomplish this purpose,

he has meticulously threshed Old English poems, garnering the words related to the theory or practice of Christianity, and then he has classified these findings under subject-headings, such as: patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, and saints; ecclesiastical offices; church buildings; church festivals; the terminology of Christian worship and dogmatics; names for the deity, angels, and devils; etc.

Because this garnering and classifying have been done thoroughly, the monograph is valuable. Its main fault is a result of this virtue, for, in the desire to show the relation existing between the Old English word and its predecessor in the Vulgate, in the Greek, or even, as in the case of the word for 'clergy', in the Hebrew, the author in some few places has gone so far afield that the information becomes irrelevant. On this account his discoveries are smothered sometimes by comparatively unimportant matter. His comparison of the Old English words with their Old High German and Old Norse relatives is more helpful, although in this regard it seems strange that he did not select Old Saxon instead of Old High German, inasmuch as this language is more closely akin to Old English; and also Gothic instead of Old Norse, as Gothic contains the first Germanic Christian vocabulary. The ON and the OHG forms, however, make it an easy matter to compare the findings with those of Raumer and Kahle.

Some portions are especially useful, such as the paragraphs on the names of the Deity, especially those about *Wyrð*. The word-list on page 132 ff., composed of exclusively religious terms, and the paragraph on page 137, showing the distribution of these words among Old English poems, summarize much of the research work done by the author. The index serves as a dictionary of the Christian words in Old English poetry.

Thorough, but unimaginative, the monograph is a scholarly appendix to Grein's *Sprachschatz*. LAWRENCE FAUCETT.

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SHAM. By Frank G. Tompkins. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company. 1920. Pp. 31.

This social satire in one act has several clever lines and develops an amusing situation. Unfortunately, the author's

dramatic instinct, which is apparent enough, yields often to his desire to be merely flippant.

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DERELICTS: An Account of Ships Lost at Sea in General Commercial Traffic, and a Brief History of Blockade Runners along the North Carolina Coast, 1861-1865. By James Sprunt. Wilmington, N. C. 1920. Pp. 304.

Although well printed and handsomely bound, this book is too inorganic in form and heterogeneous in contents to merit the kind and amount of praise that was bestowed on the author's *Chronicles of the Cape Fear River*. Nevertheless, the section devoted to stories of Blockade Runners has historical and romantic value and might well be reprinted as a separate pamphlet. And perhaps another interesting reprint might be made of the material relating to Confederate Fighting Captains of the Sea.

The last story in the book, "The *Lilian's* Last Successful Run", is full of that better sort of chastened Southern sentiment that can manfully reveal a slave as a hero and the romantic love of an aristocratic young couple as sanctified by a black man's devotion.

T. P. B.

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SONGS OF THE WIND ON A SOUTHERN SHORE. By George E. Merrick. Boston: The Four Seas Company. 1920. Pp. 79.

OUTDOORS AND IN. By Joshua Freeman Crowell. Boston: The Four Seas Company. 1920. Pp. xix, 199.

THE HOUSE OF LOVE. By Will D. Muse. Boston: The Cornhill Company. 1920. Pp. 92.

We regret to be unable to approve of any one of these three volumes of verse. All alike are without inspiration, without an authentic sense of beauty, and are, therefore, mere exercises in versification.

Mr. Merrick's lines seek to describe scenes and narrate emotional experiences having a Floridian setting. His diction is grandiloquent, his syntax involved, and his metrics and spelling often questionable. The only real attraction that the book possesses is found in the several colored plates reproduced from paintings made in Florida by Denman Fink.

The work of Mr. Crowell seems somewhat more promising, because more modest. He has experimented with several of the briefer forms and has industriously produced over three hundred efforts serving as vignettes of nature seen in landscape, cloud, garden, etc. But he, too, has not succeeded. His work is personally sincere, but it is not artistically sincere.

The third book contains verse either frankly colloquial or cajolingly sentimental.

It is, of course, inevitable that of the mass of contributions to 'poetry' published every year only a very slight fraction will prove at all meritorious. And yet the long hours spent in composition and in the friction of clamorous presses may not be wholly vanity. The motive, the individual reaction of the writer must determine that. We would, however, commend to too ambitious aspirants for poetic honors the quiet words of Leigh Hunt, as set down in his *Autobiography*:—

"I write verses only when I most like to write; I write them slowly, with loving recurrence. . . The earnestness is not the less. In one respect it is greater, for it is more concentrated. It is forced, by a sweet necessity, to say more things in less compass. But then the necessity is sweet. . . This is the reason why poetry, not of the highest order, is sometimes found so acceptable. The author feels so much happiness in his task, that he cannot but convey happiness to his reader."

G. H. C.

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THE JUNKMAN, AND OTHER POEMS. By Richard Le Gallienne. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. 1920.

In 1892 a young poet of England published a volume, *English Poems*, which was largely imitative in method, and which was roundly attacked by the reviewers for its conceits and eroticism. In the pursuit of the faults in which the book undoubtedly abounds the possibilities indicated by fine and suggestive phrasing frequently passed unnoticed altogether. In 1895 another volume, *Robert Louis Stevenson, an Elegy; and Other Poems, Mainly Personal*, indicated great spiritual advance, but was sometimes not even read before it was harshly passed upon by those who remembered *English Poems*. Then followed several

years in which the poet wrote volume after volume of prose of all sorts, but in which he largely marked time so far as poetry was concerned. More and more he was supposed to belong simply to the crowd of facile magazine versifiers. Occasionally, however, finely sensitive translations and adaptations, such as paraphrases of Omar Khayyám or *Odes from the Divan of Hafiz*, reminded the discerning of his possibilities, but *New Poems* in 1910 closed a period not yet marked by final achievement. Then in 1913 came *The Lonely Dancer*, an astonishing performance, representing a spiritual and artistic rebirth, and containing at least three poems—"The Lonely Dancer", "To a Bird at Dawn", and "*Flos Aevorum*"—which were nothing less than permanent contributions to the history of the English lyric. After years and years of delayed acceptance a genuine poet and lover of the beautiful had at last come into his own.

It is the author of these volumes, Richard Le Gallienne, who has now brought together the fruitage of the last seven years in his latest book, *The Junkman, and Other Poems*. One who remembers all that Mr. Le Gallienne has had to suffer at the hands of reviewers can hardly read this volume without a smile. It contains superb work—the "Ballade of the Junkman", in the author's typical vein; the "Ballade of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon", especially felicitous in its phrasing; "On Re-Reading *Le Morte D'Arthur*", noteworthy for its mastery of rhythm; and numerous poems of fine feeling and simple expression, like "To a Boy, on the Death of his Sweetheart"; but hardly any of the poems reaches the level of *The Lonely Dancer*, which is saying nothing in dispraise. From another point of view, however, *The Junkman* is intensely interesting. After thirty years of striving marked by harsh criticism or faint praise, from the vantage-ground of assured position Mr. Le Gallienne has his say about life and art and the whole tribe of would-be poets and critics. More than ever he appears as the apostle of beauty. In a world torn by strife and faction he goes on his way singing his song, unperturbed by present-day fads and fancies. He cares not for the "dreariness and dross" of industrialism, of "the sweat-shop and the engine yard", and he has little use for free verse or for professors who "teach old lies no man be-

lieves". *The Junkman*, then, is a volume not only worth while on its own account, but doubly so as revealing something of the personality and the literary method of one who is now recognized as an authentic artist in English song. B. B.

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THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE-LIFE. Letters of Ronsby Maldclewith. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1919. Pp. 182.

These letters are the genuine record of the love of a young American professor, who died in Colorado, for a Southern woman who has also passed away. They are published at her instance. So intimate is the affection they express, so bitter the writer's struggle, and so rarely sincere the spirit and the utterance, that the reading of them must promote character. And yet that reading cannot but be accompanied by a sense of intrusion. "These the world might view," said Browning, of Rafael's Madonnas; "but one the volume,"—that "century of sonnets" the painter wrote for his Margarita and for her alone. G. H. C.

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THE YOUNG CITIZEN'S OWN BOOK. By Chelsea Curtis Fraser. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1920. Pp. vi, 314.

While this is a fairly accurate presentation of American schemes of government in nation, state, county and city, and has, therefore, educational value for the young minds for whom it is intended, the effort of the author to write companionably has resulted in a loose, over-colloquial, at times boastful style to which the youthful reader who has any sensitiveness for literary dignities and sincerities will not too eagerly respond. Chapter Five, on the Boys' Brotherhood Republic, is particularly unsatisfactory in this respect. It is unfortunate, too, that the chapter on "Interesting Bureaus, Organizations and Institutions" contains no reference to the work of the Bureau of Education. The five graphic charts illustrating the several unit-systems of government in the United States merit approval.



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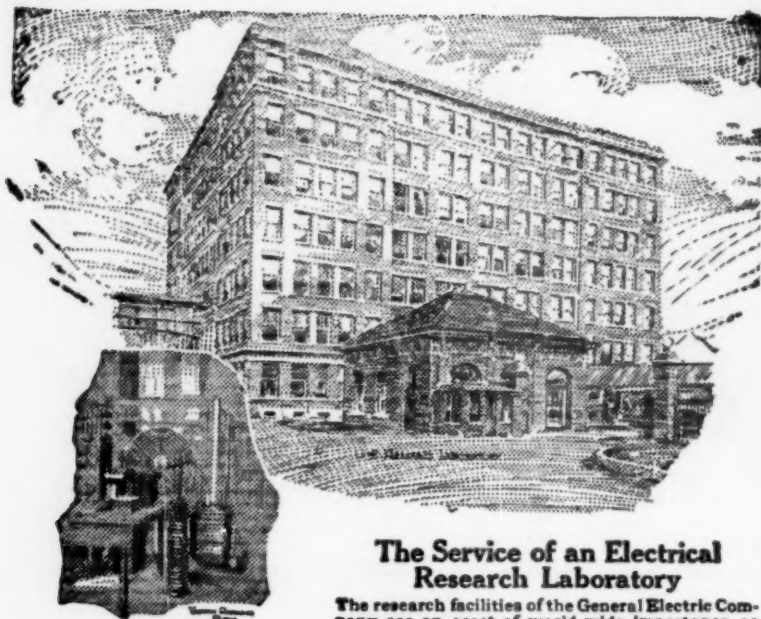
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
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